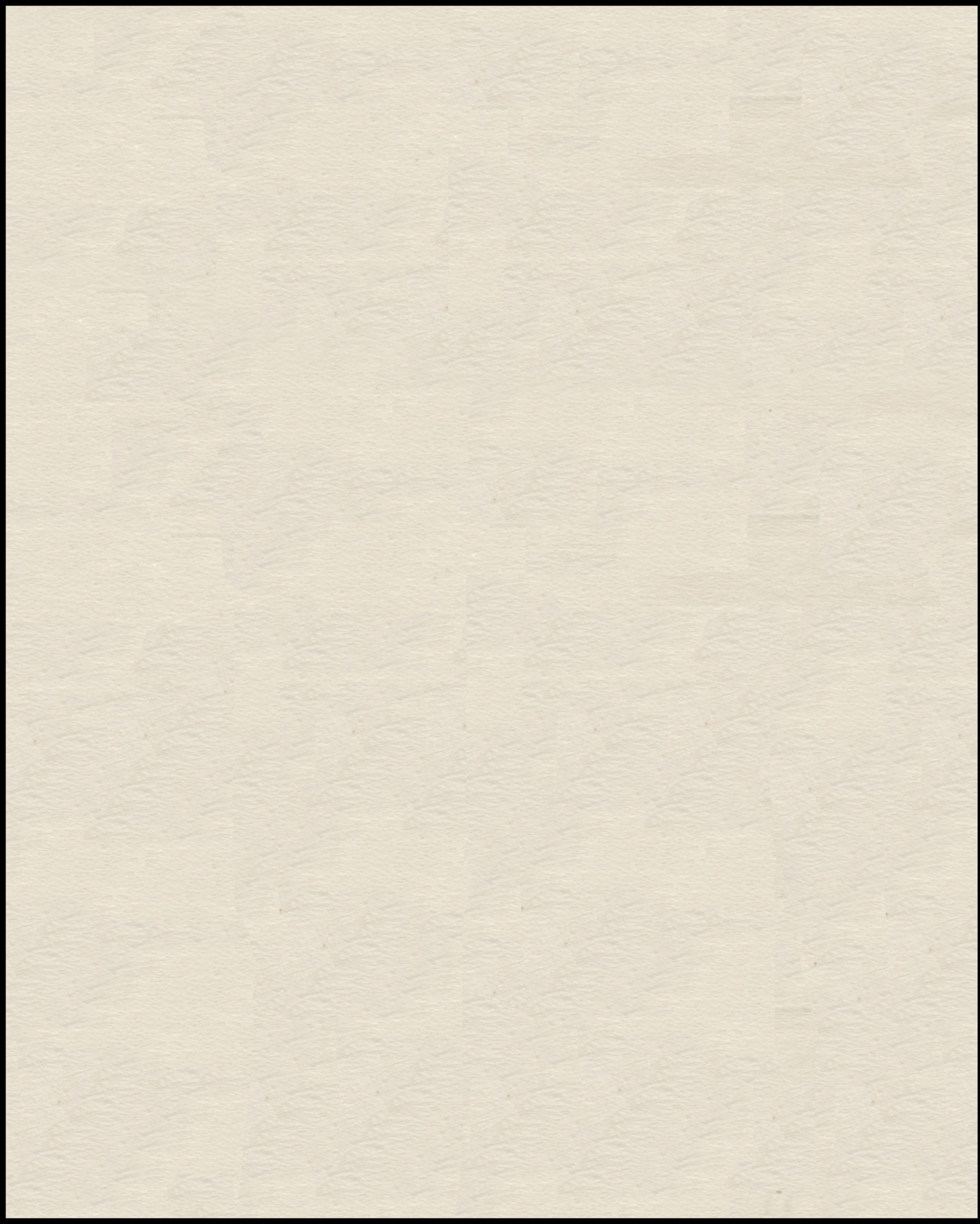


OCTOBER, 1914

The TAMARACK



The Palace

CORNER MAIN AVE. AND POST ST.

Spokane's Popular Cash Store :: :: :: :: The Store for All the People

Your Old Friend

*The Palace is Glad to Be
With You Again*

All ready, boys and girls, to serve you again with whatever you need in wearing apparel at low cash prices.

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Young Mens' Suits, all wool, serge, new Tartan checks and nobby stripes those smart English and English models at \$12.50 and \$15.

Junior suits for girls, fashionable Redingote and straight line models with long jackets and tunic skirts---prices are \$12.50, \$15 and \$16.50.

A progressive store is always favored by young people, that's why all TAMARACKERS like to trade at the PALACE.

BOOST for the PALACE all this year---trade here and save money.



Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Kick, and you kick alone,
For the cheerful grin will let you in,
Where the kicker is never known.—
Ex.

Miss Bemiss — “Who were the knights of the garter?”

Bright Student—“They were the queen’s supporters.”—Ex.

Domestic Science Teacher — “The crust of your pie isn’t quite short enough.”

Lucile R.—“Well, if it had been any shorter it wouldn’t have covered the tin.”

Laugh and the world laughs with you; frown and you wrinkle your face.—Ex.

John W. Graham & Co.

If Its Made of Paper We Have It.

Buy Sweater Coats

At an Athletic Goods Store

This store specializes on the requirements of the athlete. These **Sweater Coats** possess a smartness of style and a perfection of fit that cannot be found in ordinary Sweaters.

Men's Sweaters, with new feature. Auto coat, four-in-one collar, Shaker stitch. Has pockets. Color, gray..... **\$8.00**

Very latest garment with popular four-in-one collar. Knitted in half Cardigan stitch. inserted pockets, heavy weight. **\$7.50**
Colors, white, gray, crimson.....

Extra heavy Jumbo Weave Sweater, with heavy shoulders, 6-inch belt across back. Colors, cardinal, gray and white..... **\$8.50**

Norfolk Sweater Coats for golf, motoring and out of doors. Extra heavy. **\$9.00**
Colors, oxford and cardinal.....

Boys' Heavy Sweaters, all wool. The ideal school sweater. Colors, gray or cardinal..... **\$5.00**

Girls' Nifty School Sweater Coats, with 6-inch belt across back; reinforced pockets. Colors, light oxford, white and cardinal..... **\$6.00**

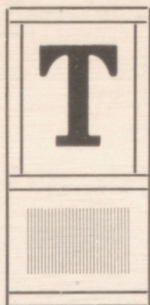
ALL-WOOL MACKINAWS \$7.50 AND \$8.50

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Mackinaws for Men, \$8.50; for Women, \$7.50.

IT PAYS TO TRADE AT THE I X L

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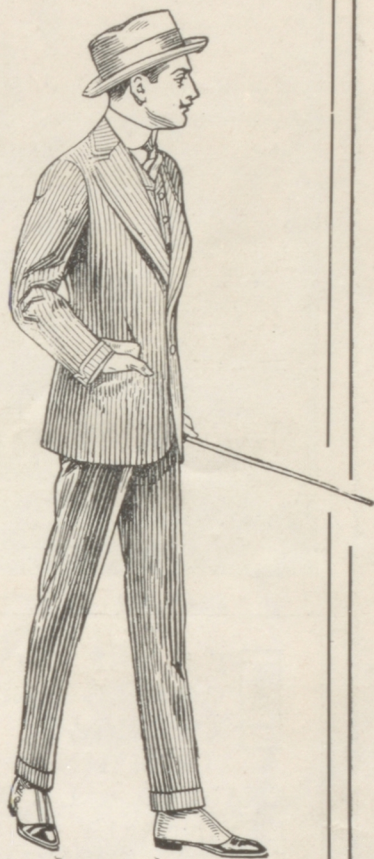


HIS idea is forcefully expounded by Prof. James, an eminent psychologist, who says--- "we so appreciate our clothes and identify ourselves with them that there are few of us who, if asked to choose between having a beautiful body, clad in raiment perpetually shabby and having an ugly form always spotlessly attired, would hesitate a minute."

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Women

Divided and Plain Skirts
--Mens' Riding Breeches
and Mackinaw Coats.

WARE BROS. CO.

125 Howard

609 Main

Teacher in Hist. II—"Who were the Vestal Virgins?"

Alice G.—"The Vestal Virgins were usually men and boys about twenty-one years old."

Miss Bigelow—"Tell what you know of Milton's mother."

Student—"Well, she was weak in the eyes, but long on charity."

If a body see a body
Flunking in a quiz,
And a body help a body
Is it teacher's biz?—Ex.

The joke editors may write
Till the tips of their fingers are sore;
But someone is sure to exclaim—
"Oh, pshaw, I've heard them before."
—Ex.

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“Y”

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PIES AND CAKE

Freshman—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

Sophomore—"He has a why for every wherefore."

Junior—"Hang sorrow, let's be merry."

Senior—"May he give us a few brilliant flashes of silence."

Mr. Kaye (Hist. VIII) — "John, what were the most noticeable facilities for communication in 1800?"

John G.—"Do you mean roads?"

Nora M.—"They didn't get all of the seeds out of cotton before Eli Whitney's time."

Mr. Kaye—"Is that why the clothes after the Revolution were so seedy?"

Freshie (naming kinds of government)—"Well, there's the republic and the Esophagus."

YOUNG MEN'S FOOTWEAR

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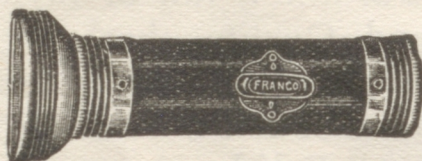
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TWO STORES

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Corner Main

901 Riverside
Corner Lincoln

Heard in Freshie session room:

Teacher—"While I am filling out this report I want the room to be so quiet that you could hear a pin drop."

Small boy in back of room—"All right, let her drop."

Freshie to Senior—"Do we have that memorial service for Mr. Sherman Grier this afternoon?"

Mr. Hargreaves (Psychology) —
"How much does the brain weigh?"
Esther J.—"Twelve pounds."

Mr. H.—"I suppose that's why students find it so hard to hold their heads up."

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SODA FOUNTAIN

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The boys both brave and true;
They all win fame in class or game,
We hope that this means you.

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at a minimum
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LOOK FIT

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R. J. HURD & CO.

\$20⁰⁰ AND UPWARDS

RIVERSIDE AT STEVENS STREET

Mike and Pat were walking up a railroad track when a train whistled in back of them. Mike, having lived in the city, climbed up the bank, but Pat, who had never seen a locomotive, began running ahead of the train. After Pat had been thrown from the track by the cowcatcher, Mike asked him:

"Air you hurt, Pat?"

"Sure and I'm killed."

"Well, why didn't you climb the bank?"

"Sure and I knew if I couldn't beat it on the level I couldn't climbing hills."—Ex.

The day before institute week:

Professor—"I hope you enjoy your vacation and know more when you come back."

The pupils with one accord—"Same to you."

HEADQUARTERS
FOR

GYM SUITS

Basket Ball Uniforms

and

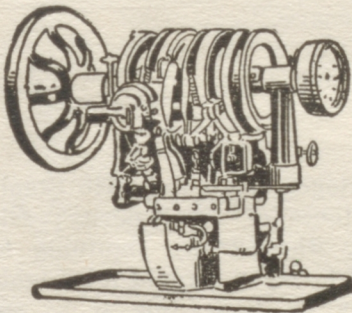
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Hat Box

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Is it true that while Milly Withers
Elsie Wilburn?

Sophomore girl reading love story:
“Then Archibald seizing her hand—”

Continued on page 327;

“Said with a passionate—”

Continued on page 523;

“Intensity, oh, my love—”

Concluded in next issue.

“Have you seen May?”

“May who?”

“Mayonaise.”

“No, where was she?”

“Last time I saw her she was dressing.”

Miss Rogers (explaining to Stanley C. the tones of vocal purity) said:

“Now, when I say (muffling her voice) ‘I love you,’ would it be right.”

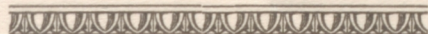
Stanley C.—“Oh, this is so sudden.”

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Riverside 11

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Harmon MILLINERY

MISS SADIE HARMON, Prop.



**Exclusive
Dressmaking**
of all Kinds at Reasonable
Prices

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N1817 DIVISION STREET

Volume VI

OCTOBER, 1914

Number One

The TAMARACK

Published every six weeks by the students of the North Central High School, Spokane, Wash.

Office: Room 109, N. C. H. S. Building

Entered as Second Class Mail Matter in Spokane, December 1, 1912

One Dollar a Year

::

50 cents a Semester

::

25 cents a Copy

Donald J. Stewart - - - Editor-in-Chief
W. Merritt Penrose - - Business Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF

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Lena Wilson.....Literary Editor
Gladys Williamson.....Current Events
Hazel ReedJokes
Clifton AbramsAthletics
Dorothy HareSocieties
David KirkMusic
Ruth CorwinAlumni
Evelyn PickrellExchanges
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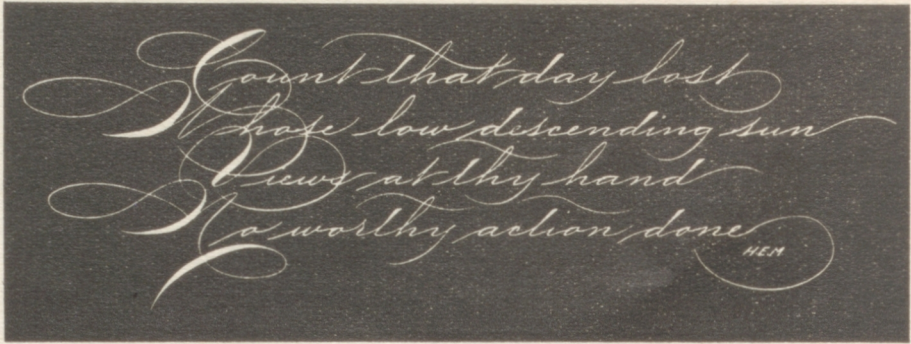
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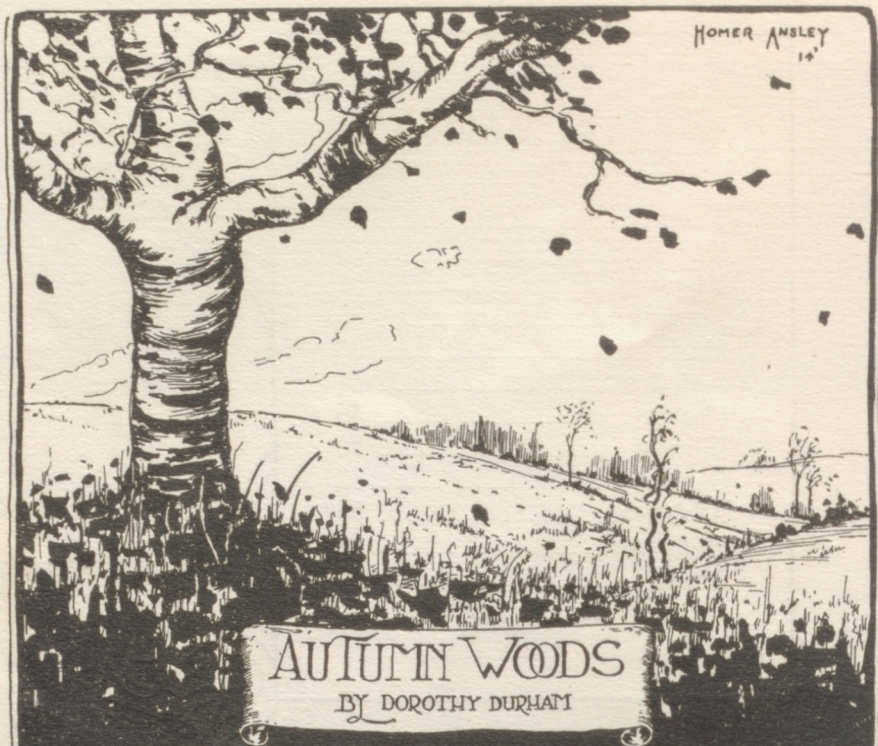
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HOMER ARLEY



Oh give me the gift of a glad free day ;
The silver and gold, and the open way,
A heart with the merry fleet winds that blow
From the world above on the world below.
A glimpse of the scurrying leaves that leap,
Scarlet and gold on the windtossed steep ;
The blue of the sky above, below
The silver sheen and the sunset glow.
Away where the heart of the wild
Through covert green, and the streams are falling
Torrents of crystal light and spray
Oh, the Autumn woods on this Autumn day
And I will not ask for the gold ye give,
Nor the wine of your wealth and plenty ;
For here in my life, and the life ye live,
Is the gift that the gods have sent me.



REDEMPTION ISLE

Bryan Leiser, June '15, Masquer

The river, green and dark, flowed placidly around a series of bends, then straightened in its course. Spraying over a spine or two of rock, it swept down upon the little island in its center, divided, united again, and, rushing between converging rock walls, hurled itself into the dark gorge to boil furiously out again over steep rapids. Above the island the only sound was a low, heavy murmur; from the gorge below came the constant, muffled thunder of tons upon tons of water crashing and roaring in sudden unpent fury against the solid rock.

Above the distant clamor sounded a new note, and around the bend above a canoe drifted aimlessly in the current. The occupant sat upright, beating time in the air with his paddle, and bellowed forth a rollicking song in unsteady tones. He ceased, fumbled in his pocket, brought forth a flask, and, raising it to his lips with a shout, drained its last drop. With a defiant cry he sent the bottle spinning into the water, setting his craft bobbing with the movement.

Suddenly he heard the roar in the gorge below, and awkwardly dipped his paddle into the current only to have it wrenched from his hands. With a desperate lunge, he tried to regain it. The canoe dipped, swung round, and, striking a projecting snag of rock, capsized and flung man and pack into the river.

The surface closed over the man, and broke again farther down toward the island as he emerged with arms whirling. The current spun him round and round like a top, carrying him on as he struggled and fought. Past the upper point of the island

he was carried, still wildly lashing at the powerful forces sweeping him on. Not fifteen feet from shore he passed the middle of the isle, and was sucked in nearer to the lower end. Nearly exhausted, he saw through spray a half-submerged bush ahead, clutched at it and clung fast with the grip of despair—a haven of safety before him, and fearful death at his back.

For a moment he floated, resting, and then worked himself to shore, crawled slowly, painfully from the water, stretched full length on the gravelly sand and slept, exhausted.

* * * *

It was evening when he finally awoke and slowly sat up. Vaguely he became aware of the heavy thunder in the echoing gorge downstream, then, remembrance rushing back over his numbed brain, he shuddered weakly as he saw the teeth of the rapids gleam darkly in the flying spray beyond the gorge.

He turned his head and surveyed the island, saw that it rose high in the center, that a tree stuck upright like the mast of a ship, that there were dense clumps of bushes growing; sinking back, he looked listlessly at the sky. The darkening heavens roused him again, and he painfully struggled to his feet, swaying unsteadily in the evening breeze.

His first thought was of a fire, and he gathered a handful of driftwood from the sand, and staggered up the slope.

Groping in his pocket for his match-box, he became fearful lest the matches were ruined, but was overjoyed to find that through the water-proof box not a drop had touched them. In a short time a little blaze was flickering behind the rock on which he sat, and the ruddy, cheerful light brought involuntary calm to his weary, muddled brain.

He began to search his pockets, taking stock of the articles he still possessed. It was a woefully small store, and spread out on the rocks looked pitifully inefficient for the prolongation of life. A hunting knife from the sheath at his belt, a small coil of leather thong, a disreputably blackened pipe, a pouch containing a sodden mass of tobacco, and the box of matches, were all he had.

The man looked at them doubtfully. Was that all? No! and with the thought, he went through his pockets again.

"It's gone!" he cried, starting up, and hobbled to the beach and searched madly in the sand.

"It's gone!" he muttered, then raising his voice, cursed horribly, beating upon the sand, his breast, his head, in savage rage. He stopped for breath, and, in the lull of his own voice, heard a sound that cowed and hushed him—the River Demon thundering in the gorge.

Gathering more driftwood, the man returned to his fire. He tried to find some comfort in his pipe, but the tobacco would not burn, so he dried his clothes, and lay down beside his fire to sleep.

It was far into the night when he dreamed that he was in the river again, fighting for his life. Once more he felt the mighty current clutching at his legs, his arms, his throat; felt it sweeping him into the dread inferno of the gorge. He woke with a scream on his lips, and the night rain was drenching him and the copious sweat of awful despair oozed from the pores of his body; the roar of the waters was muffled in the darkness.

"My God!" he whispered between fear-parched lips, and turned his face to heaven to let the drops fall on it.

Morning came, gray and cold, but a piping breeze tore the cloud-bank asunder, the gray streamers retreated, and the sunlight glinted on the dancing river. His clothes once more dry, the man climbed to the highest point of rock on the island and looked about.

Midway between the banks of the river, the island was separated from the mainland by three or four hundred feet of rushing current. The man gulped as he vividly remembered the hold it had had of him the day before.

For a long time he stood staring speculatively across the water, and finally scratched his chin in a manner half puzzled, half rueful. "Willy Brandt," he remarked, "you're in for one devil of a time!"

He surveyed the island at his feet. It lay about two hundred feet lengthwise with the current, and was some eighty feet broad. The rock on which he stood rose from the center like a watch tower; beside it grew a single pine tree, and great clumps of bushes grew over the island.

Brandt fixed his look on an object near one of these bushes, and laughed when he saw it move. "Rabbit!" he chuckled. "By gum, we'll slay the critter. There's another—two more! Why there's a whole raft of 'em. How'd they get on this forsaken foothold?" he ruminated, "They must have been created with the place," and he laughed at his own philosophy.

He descended from his lookout with plans of an immediate repast running through his head, but was forced to exist several hours more on an empty stomach, for it was nearly mid-day before he lifted his first victim, kicking and squealing, from the leathern noose. With small compunction Brandt sacrificed the animal on the altar of his hunger, and was soon devouring the roasted meat.

His meal over, he proceeded to build a shelter of pine boughs and piled up rocks. This done, he went out to catch his supper. He returned near dark, ate, and went to sleep.

Next day, his immediate wants being satisfied, Brandt began to cast about for means of leaving the island. He climbed to the rock and sat down to think.

It was not long before he arrived at the conclusion that he was a prisoner, and that to escape, he must swim the river. But the memory of the weird strength of the current would not leave him, and always there was that heavy boom of water breaking on rock to remind him of the certain death that waited down the stream. No, he wouldn't swim yet.

"Bill," he arraigned himself, "you're wise! What was in you when you got drunk coming down? The devil, of course, but it was your own fault. You know it was your own fault."

He was punishing himself in a way that was new and interesting. It was the first time he had ever thought in this groove, and it was entertaining him immensely.

By evening, he had found himself guilty of foolhardiness and the consequent wreck of the canoe. He came down to his camp greatly elated over the fact, and ate a hearty supper. Then he sat by the fire and cogitated. Here he was, marooned on an island in an Alaskan river far from the traveled paths of the country, with a trip to the States indefinitely postponed, and the finances for the trip at the bottom of the river. Over two thousand dollars' worth of gold dust, the reward of three years' toil in the North, had slipped from him like water off a duck, all because of an ill-advised spree.

Brandt swore softly—not at his luck, or the river—but at himself. "Fool!" and "Idiot!" he termed himself with disgust.

He rose and went down to the shore to gather some wood for the fire. It suddenly became evident to him that this could not last long. "Well, we'll leave soon," he muttered, then remembered. The tumult in the gorge raged in the darkness, and the echoing boom and thunder of the river filled the channel.

"Yes, we'll leave soon," he repeated doggedly, and raising his head, listened. "Soon—I said!" he roared back at it. His chin dropped on his breast, and he turned back to the fire, stooped and bent.

Next day, he sat again on the rock, and thought. Like many men who begin to think after many years of purely physical toil, Brandt was becoming acquainted with himself. He had found he was a fool, and he was seeking to know more.

"You're a strange man, Bill!" he thought, and shook his head in wonder.

"Why?" he went on. "Here's why. Remember your home town, Bill? Who's there that you know? Why everybody in the world! Your mother, she's there; ain't that some one? And your old dad, and brother Jim, and—lots of people you know. And you was going back to the States to Seattle and blow your stack, with never a thought of the old home."

His voice turned bitter. It was a hard charge, and yet—"Bill, you're an old soak, a fool, and what's more, a reprobate and a hound!"

He stood up, and scanned the opposite shore. "Come on, we're going now," he said, determinedly, and descended to the camp. He stowed all his things in his pockets, and walked resolutely to the upper end of the island. Cautiously he stepped into the water; it eddied round his knees, and sucked and gurgled, chilling him to the very core with fear. Farther he moved; it was around his waist now.

He stood quiet for a moment. The sun had hidden behind a cloud, and the air felt cold as the water. Down river sounded the old, monotonous roar and crash between the gloomy canyon walls. Brandt caught his breath, then facing out, lunged into the swirling waters. His power stroke swept him out into the current.

He felt the pull and grip of the stream once more; he became panic-stricken, and swung round to the island. Again he was being swept past. Beating frantically with his arms, he again was carried in toward the lower point. Once more he snatched wildly at the bush, lost his hold, regained it, and worked slowly to shore.

Exhausted, he sank upon the sand as before, a huddled, dragged wreck. Sobs and pants racked his frame, until finally he lay silent.

"Oh, my God!" he moaned, and stirred weakly. Then again, "My God!"

* * * *

For a week he skulked among the bushes on the isle, hating himself as poison. At last he climbed once more to the rock. His face was seamed with bitter lines as he faced the gorge and watched the Demon bare his teeth. Instinctively his frame shuddered, but his soul stood firm.

"Flinch you coward!," He spoke aloud. A breach of cool river air puffed from the gorge, and he tore his shirt open at the throat to feel it on his breast. Within, something stirred uneasily.

"What a skunk I am!" he groaned. Again he felt the stir within. "It's the yellow in me," he muttered, and his soul grappled with it. With the struggle going on within him, Brandt sat and watched the river. The trunk of a great tree came riding by, swung around in the current, trembled, and slid on into the gorge. It fled between the dark walls, and, with a lurch and a roll splintered against a jutting rock.

"It couldn't make it through; the river beat it, big as it was," Brandt thought. For a while he was silent, then cried, "But am I no bigger than a log of wood, with all my muscle, and arms, and brain? Am I licked, without a try at it?"

His eyes shone with a new light. "It's worth a chance!" he went on, "and if I DON'T make it, it's the fighting chance."

The breeze freshened, and he leaped to his feet and laughed loudly in its teeth. "A chance to be a man!" and he swung with great leaps down the slope.

He prepared as before, then hurried to the shore at the lower point and was scooping up a handful of water, when he gave a great shout, and plunging in his hand, drew forth a sodden buckskin sack of apparent weight.

"THE GOLD! A good-luck sign!" he cried, and tied it securely to his belt.

Again he stooped and scooped up a double handful of water, which he carefully carried to the top of his rock.

He stood straight and still, then spoke slowly, "I christen this place Redemption Isle," and poured the water at his feet.

With a whoop he ran to the upper point, shed his shirt in a trice, and cast it into the current. As he watched the rags bobbing on the waves, he heard a new note—a challenge—in the rumbling, roaring crash within the canyon walls. He flung back defiance, and, wading into the dark, green waters, thrust his great bronzed shoulder into the current and struck for the opposite bank.

The Demon gripped at his limbs again, and sought to force him under. He only tossed the spray aloft and laughed scornfully; his mighty strokes swept him onward, and yet he drifted nearer to the cruel gorge. The roar reverberated and echoed in his ears.

Stroke by stroke, foot by foot, he crept nearer the coveted shore. The current, ever stronger, was bearing him down the channel. Stroke by stroke he fought across it, buried his head in swell after swell, and gloried in the struggle.

All in one instant the bellow of the Demon rose threateningly close. So near? The swimmer dashed the water from his eyes—the shore was gone, instead, there rose the canyon wall!

A half shout of terror struggled in his throat; he choked it back as he swept terrifically, but vainly, at the flood. Then, with the forbidding rock walls frowning gloomily, he slowly turned, and, with clenched jaw and smiling lips, rode down the plunging waters to meet the Demon of the rapids face to face.



HIS TRIUMPH

Stuart Lower, June '15, Masquer

The game—a fierce contest from beginning to end—had run to the last of the eighth inning, and the score stood 3-2 in favor of Forsham. The tall, lanky pitcher of that school looked at his massed backers in the grandstand waving their pennants frantically, then slowly wound up, and sent a straight, swift ball directly toward the plate. “Fat” Mershum, captain of the home nine, swung with all his weight and strength at the bat, and the ball sailed over the left fielder’s head. A few seconds later “Fat” stopped on second, and wiped the streaming perspiration from his heated face. The shortstop of the visiting team held the ball in his hand an instant before tossing it to the pitcher, and looked “Fat” over with a grin of contempt on his face. “Fat” watched him, and stayed on the sack.

The game continued. Once; once more; and then again the pitcher sent the ball whirling toward the plate, and a St. John’s man walked sadly back to the bench. “Fat” watched the next batter trot out uneasily. “Red” Belson, a fellow with no extraordinary batting record! “Fat” glanced toward the coach. “Go down with his arm!” he read, and as the pitcher raised his arm above his head, “Fat” started for third. But before he had covered half the ground, the ball smacked in the catcher’s glove, and with a quick snap of his wrist, it sailed swiftly toward third. “Fat” stopped quickly and started back to second, with the cries of the stand in his ears. He had almost reached the bag when something hit him a blow on the head, and a blinding darkness swept over him, but he stumbled on until he found the plate. There he sank down. The baseball, thrown with all the speed the third baseman could command, had caught Mershum squarely in the back of the head. A new runner was quickly substituted, and Mershum was led to the bench. After bathing his head carefully, the coach looked at it, and pronounced only a large bruise there. “Fat” opened his eyes weakly in time to see “Red” do the unexpected thing—a pop fly directly over the first baseman’s head, and amid the roar of St. John’s followers, the substitute raced across the plate. Mershum jumped up and cheered wildly with the rest of the team. The coach came up to him.

“Do you feel all right now, Hal?” he asked.

“Sure! Great!” exclaimed “Fat,” his face radiant with delight.

"Go out to your place next inning, then. But if you feel bad be sure and let me know. Balls and boys' heads don't usually agree under those circumstances, but, of course, you're pretty fat," the coach laughed.

The boy who had knocked in the tying run "died" on second, and the game went over into the ninth inning. As Mershum ran out toward left field, he felt shooting pains pass through his head, but he remained in the field, hoping they would soon pass. He looked toward the stands but they seemed slightly blurred. He felt vaguely uneasy, but determined he would not give up. The game went on, and he was losing interest, when suddenly he heard a loud cry from the stands. He looked up, and there, coming directly toward him, he saw the ball. How blurred it looked. It seemed to jump from his path. He stretched out his glove where he thought it should light. Almost by instinct he guided it toward the falling ball, and it slipped snugly into his tip.

Joyfully the team ran to the bench. "Win, now's the time!" was in every boy's mind, and they glanced at their captain, each with a smile of determination and resolve on his face. Hal sank upon the bench with a sigh of relief. Yes, something was the matter with him! His head ached dully now! His eyes seemed covered with a light film!

"Say, who's up first?" Billy asked him.

"Oh, yes, Kratzer, of course! G'wan, Kratzer, make a home run, old boy!"

The boy spoken to responded like an old war horse, who again scents the battle. He sprang forward, grasped a bat, and ran out to the plate. He gained first on a short grounder, but the next boy struck out. The opposing pitcher had tightened up, and was now pitching as he had never pitched before.

"I tell you, Mershum, you're the only fellow to hit him. He's a regular whirlwind!" the boy said as he came slowly back.

"Fat" laughed nervously. Why wouldn't his head stop paining him? He glanced at the coach. What was the coach thinking? He was honest, upright, and as true a sportsman as Hal had ever seen. The word "coach" meant cleanness in St. John's. Few were the fellows who would dare lie to him or try to deceive him. Mershum was captain of the baseball nine, and it was a common saying among the boys that "Hal had never failed to deliver the goods in a pinch yet." Mershum felt the man at bat was going to strike out. Who should stand before the pitcher last?

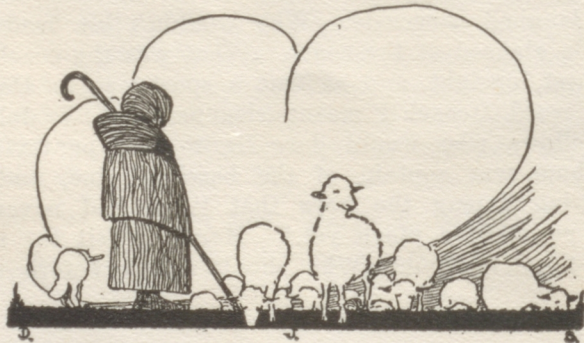
It was a question which he could not decide. He felt the shooting pains in his head again. The ball had not hurt him badly, but he knew that he was not in the right condition to go to bat. He remembered the fly in left field, and how he had trusted to luck to catch it. Here at the plate with a sharp, swift break on the ball, he could expect no such luck. There were other men, but none of them were to be depended on. Should he send another in, or go himself, with his blurred vision? A short, sharp struggle ensued and he came out the victor. McCorry, the young second baseman at his side, should go to bat.

But even as "Fat" decided an overwhelming argument rose in his own mind. Who should have the honor of bringing in the winning score? It was the last game of the season, and his Senior year. McCorry was only a Sophomore. This was Hal's last chance to prove himself before the school, to establish his name forever in school history. His last chance! He could not give up now. McCorry would have two more years. Yes, it was up to him to go out and knock a home run. McCorry would wait. Again "Fat" Mershum's vision blurred, and again doubts assailed him. The coach, the fellow all the boys loved, stood a few feet away. Could he, Mershum, captain of the nine, lie to this man? He remember the words "If you feel bad be sure and let me know." That meant that the coach depended on him. He trusted him, believed in him!

Mershum passed a shaking hand over his eyes. It was now or never, for the batter had just been retired. The crowd was madly calling, "Fat" Mershum! "Fat" Mershum! "Fat" Mershum!

Hal struggled with himself fiercely for a few seconds. His ambition wrestled with his pride. He started to rise, then he saw the blurred form of the coach again. No, he could not, would not be a hypocrite! He called out in a low voice:

"McCorry to bat!" Then he buried his face in his hands.



A FRESHMAN'S ARGUMENT

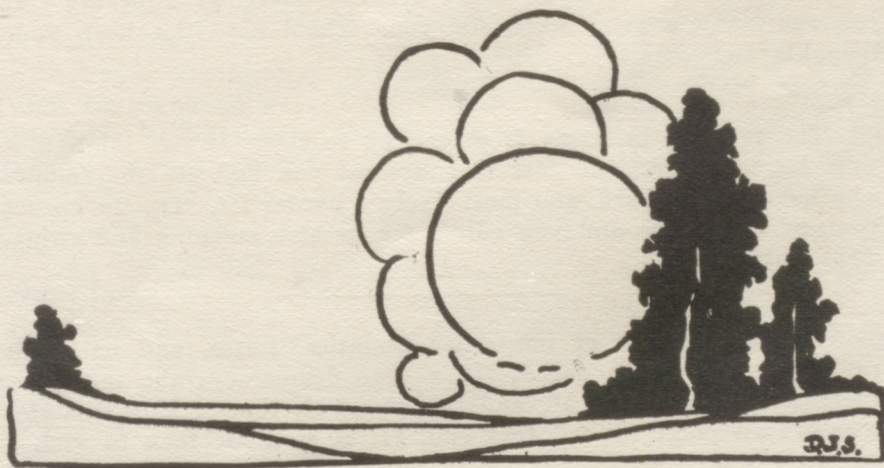
Myrtle Smith, Nine B

Upon an autumn morning comes the hurrying tread of feet;
The halls of old North Central ring as friends each other greet;
Each hall and every doorway holds its own conversing group,
As Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen inward troop.

Each dazed and puzzled Freshie comes with countenance of woe;
He glides with timid glances past the fast increasing flow;
The first days at North Central pass with Freshies old and new,
Who swell the large attendance, and give future promise too.

At the crowded convocation, how the Senior A boys cry,
"The Freshies want their ma-ma-ma!" That yell will never die!
They taunt the awkward Freshie, pushing, jostling for a seat;
Flushed of face, his bright eyes glowing, never daring to retreat.

Despite the lofty speeches and the mingled scoff and fun,
Without being timid Freshies, our course would ne'er be run.
The brightest times are merrier in work as well as play,—
They're encouraged by the Freshman B, no matter what they say.





ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

MWA



Some explanation is due for the absence of photographs in this issue of the "Tamarack." The short time for preparation, the cloudy days during this time, and our lack of acquaintance with the work, all go to explain the deficiency. Considerable has been saved, and will be applied on the later issues.

This is, however, not intentional, but unavoidable. But the editor takes the blame upon himself and will insure that this shall not happen again.

Don't be a knocker. If the school isn't run to suit you; if the Tamarack isn't what you think it ought to be; or, if you think that the class or society, to which you belong, could be run a little better, don't go round knocking them because of it. There are certain adverse circumstances that we must always labor under. Perhaps the interest of the whole is lacking; the proper material lacking; or, no matter what the trouble is, it should be beyond us to go around the school or among our friends on the outside knocking a school enterprise because we are not connected with it, or, because it does not suit us. Far better would it be if you would go to the person in charge and tell him just what you think than to be spreading your opinions broadcast among your friends. At any rate, you don't get any place by knocking. If you can't say a good word for your school activities keep your thoughts to yourself.

The real joy in living is gained by service. If you think that your lot is a hard one just look around you and see the fellows who have just as hard, and most likely a harder lot. Try to forget yourself by service and you will get a greater meaning and enjoyment out of life.

The government of our cities, counties, states, and nation is rapidly assuming the aspects of a true democracy; the initiative, the referendum, the recall, and the direct election of United States senators all point toward that end. It is essential then to such a

government that the individual should take an active part in carrying out the functions of the government, and become acquainted with the methods used.

Realizing this, our school has in the past and is at present taking many steps towards preparing the student for citizenship. The management, of the recent election of members to the Athletic Board, was turned over to Mr. Ramsey and his Civics classes. Regulation ballots were printed, giving the student a first and second choice, precincts established in all the session rooms, and the precincts placed under the charge of the Civics students. Also regular tally sheets were provided and a good practical experience was gained by every one connected with the election.

This is only one instance out of many, and it is hoped that student government will be extended to other branches of the school before long.

War is insanity. When some fifteen millions of peaceful citizens or subjects are turned at a moment's notice into belligerent soldiers, contending in opposing armies on a battlefield of five or more nations, we are appalled at the enormity of it. Never in the history of the Old World has two armed forces of the size and equipment of these met on the field of battle. But what should cause fifteen million men to offer up their lives for sacrifice on the altar of modern warfare? Those lives that represent the life blood, the suffering and the pain of the mother who bore them. Is life to be considered so lightly that it can be snuffed out in an instant because the "divine right of kings" willed it?

It is generally conceded that the original cause of the war was a "Slav-Teuton rivalry," and the immediate cause the "Austro-Servian embroglio." But should millions of human lives, filled with hopes, aspirations, and promise of worthier things be sacrificed for so small a cause? It is truly insanity that human life should be so lightly thought of, and we may well be thankful that our own nation was not plunged into that bloody struggle.

On August 24th the School Board of Spokane adopted a Syllabus based on a systematic study of the Bible. The ruling of the Board in regard to this Syllabus, provides that to every high school student of Spokane who passes an examination based on the work outlined therein, one credit shall be given towards graduation. The intention of the Board is that classes shall be organized outside of the high school and entirely independent of it.

In many cases the work has been taken up by the different Sunday Schools of the city.

For the student who has a desire to read English Literature with any degree of understanding and appreciation here is a wonderful opportunity to gain an intimate knowledge of that Book which leads to a greater understanding and appreciation of English Literature. When we consider that some of the masterpieces of English Literature are based on the Bible and that English writers of all ages are accustomed to quote passages of Scripture from the Bible and to refer to Biblical stories in their works, we can understand the value of such an incentive.

Not only is literature alone permeated with the atmosphere of the Bible but we find that during the past ages it has inspired more masterpieces of painting, sculpture, music, and oratory, than any other influence that has been brought to bear upon the minds of men. Daniel Webster said of himself that he can not remember the time when he was not able to read the Bible. Not only was the Bible a source of inspiration to him but we find from a study of his speeches and orations that it had a profound influence upon his style of expression.

This action on the part of the School Board is certainly commendable and should be an incentive to the student who has a desire to gain an intelligent conception of literature.

There are certain kinds of preparations on the market which are guaranteed to cover over any scratch or marr and make the spot appear as new. Although this may be true we know the scar is still there, and time will reveal that which has been lightly covered over. So it is in a way with the human being. Each mistake we make now, each sin we commit, although skillfully hidden, will at some future time make its demand upon us. The more carefully we watch ourselves the more thankful we will be in the future. This is the time to prepare against the ravages of our own mistakes.





FACULTY DEPARTMENT

Perhaps few students realize that a large number of the successes which have crowned different student enterprises in the school are due indirectly to the faculty. The spirit of the school which is shown at every contest, whether athletic or otherwise, is the spirit which should and does belong to the faculty at all times. The teachers are not in school to drive us, but they are here in order to help us in every way, and to point out the true direction we should follow to reach our goal. They are willing to help the Tamarack, the Masque, the Mathematics Club, and all other school enterprises to the best of their ability. It is because of this that the North Central High School can point proudly to so many successful accomplishments.

The faculty now consists of fifty-four members, all of whom understand their line of work thoroughly, and, most important of all, know how to impart it understandingly. We can point proudly to any department in the school or to any teacher in any department, knowing we have as good as can be obtained.

New Members of the Faculty

MARY E. HAMILTON

Miss Hamilton did not attend high school, but graduated from Moravian Seminary, a private school, in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. She then took up a special course in Domestic Arts in the Mechanics Institute, Rochester, New York. After graduating Miss Hamilton taught sewing in the Y. W. C. A. of Milwaukee. For the past five years she has been in Washington, D. C., where her home is. While there she taught in the National School of Domestic Arts and Sciences, leaving her position for one in the Domestic Arts Department of our school.

EVA SCANTLEBURY

Miss Scantlebury is another addition to the Domestic Science Department of the North Central. She is teaching cooking. She

graduated from the Springfield High School, Springfield, Massachusetts, later taking a course in the School of Household Science and Arts at Pratt Institute. She has taught in Brunot Hall, and has also taught Domestic Science in the grade schools of Spokane.

JEANETTE LOUISE WARE

Miss Ware's home is in St. Paul, and she graduated from the East Side High School, Minneapolis. After completing a course in the University of Minnesota she taught for three years in the English Department of the Mechanic Arts High School of St. Paul. Although a new teacher in the North Central, Miss Ware has been appointed co-director of the Masque Dramatic Society. Miss Ware is now a member of the English Department at the North Central.

RUFUS A. COLEMAN

A new addition to the English Department has been made in Mr. Coleman, a 1905 graduate of the Old South Central High School. Mr. Coleman got his B. A. at Whitman College four years later after taking a Major in English and a Minor in Biology. He then entered the teaching field, spending two years, 1910 and 1911, in the Chewelah High School, where he was assistant principal during his second year.

During the next year Mr. Coleman took graduate study in English at the University of Toronto. In the spring of 1913 he received a scholarship at Columbia University, where he received his M. A. Degree. He comes directly to the North Central from Columbia.

EMMA E. CLARKE

Another graduate of the Spokane High School and a new addition to our English Department is Miss Clarke. After receiving her diploma in the local school, Miss Clarke went to the Ellensburg Normal School. She later entered the University of Michigan, where she received her B. A. Degree. Before coming to the North Central she taught in the summer Normal School of Ellensburg, and was also head of the English Department of the Ellensburg High School. Her home has always been in Spokane.

IRA DAVIS

Mr. Davis has just come from Toppenish, Washington, where he taught Science and Athletics. He has been out on the field with the North Central squad already this year, and has shown a great deal of interest in the work of the boys. Mr. Davis has had valuable experience, as he has taught two years in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and was also Coach of Athletics.

Mr. Davis graduated from the Milwaukee High School, and

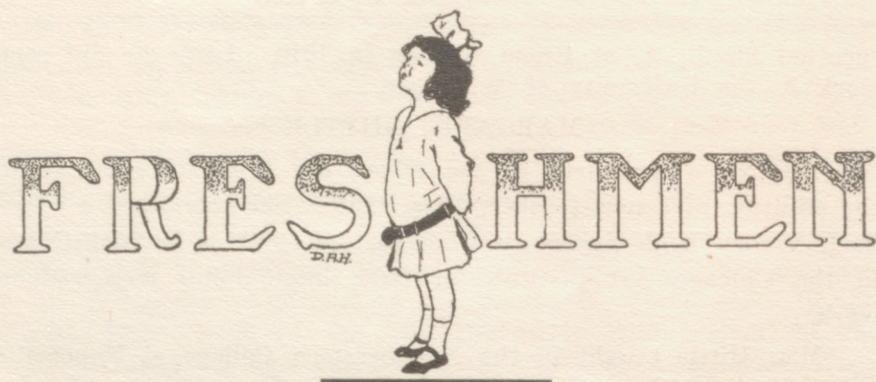
received his B. A. at Ripon College in 1910. Later he did some work in the University of Wisconsin.

MARGARET HITTLE

The Art Department of the school has been strengthened by the addition of a new teacher, Miss Hittle. She completed a course in Lakeview High School in Chicago, and took a Normal Course in the Chicago Art Institute in 1906, later doing post-graduate work.

Miss Hittle taught in the Northwestern College at Naperville, Illinois, where she had charge of the Art Department. She has done a great deal of work for Marshall Field of Chicago, such as designing covers for Christmas boxes and illustrating advertisements. She has spent five years at illustrating and decorating, some of her tasks being to do mural decorating for the James R. Doolittle School of Chicago, the Lane Technical School, and the Garrett Biblical Institute of Northwestern University.





We welcome you Freshman B's to these grand old halls permeated with the incense of knowledge; these halls where our hopes and aspirations of future years are molded. Again we welcome you and extend to you the glad hand of fellowship, wishing you the greatest measure of success in your high school career.

The first half year will, no doubt, be a trying one for you and the faculty; but how are you going to meet it?

Are you going to meet it with a resolute heart and be cheerful, or are you going to shirk and be a quitter?

All the world loves the fellow who has the spirit to stick to it, but it hates a quitter. What can we say of the soldier who quits on the eve of battle; of the farm hand who walks out when the harvest is ripe; or of the man who hands in his resignation when he has made a bad mistake? Nothing. If you make a mistake, don't quit, but acknowledge it, and tackle the trouble with a new determination and resolve.

But what are you going to do for your school?

Are you going to be content to be merely one of the student body, or are you going to ally yourself with one of the many school activities?

There are many students who devote their entire time to studies alone and do not show the slightest interest in school affairs. These people are usually termed "dead ones."

Are you going to be a "dead one"?

There are many of the student activities that need you and want you. Make one of them your aim and then strive until you attain it; it will help you more than it does the school. As to which one you will take there are many to choose from; dramatics, music, arts, sciences, athletics, languages, mathematics, literary, and the Tamarack. Surely the societies formed under these divisions of the school curriculum can afford something for each one of you to strive for.

THE POOR FRESHIES SINGING "DEAR RED
AND BLACK" IN CONVOCATION.

"AS SILENT AS THE TOMB."



• Heyman Pounds •



The Department of Music has undergone a decided change in the last few years. No other branch of student activity has developed so rapidly and so successfully. Nor has any branch of work been more beneficial to the student body at large.

Two years ago, the musical enterprises of the school consisted of two mixed chorus classes of some 70 or 80 voices and a high school orchestra. Now that chorus has been swelled to over 200 voices, requiring three periods for instruction, and the orchestra has nearly doubled its membership and efficiency. Today it is an organization of which any institution might well be proud. It needs only be heard to be deeply and thoroughly appreciated.

In addition to the improvement in the older institutions of musical training in the school several new ones have been added. The Glee Club has been organized, consisting of thirty-two voices, and both male and female quartettes have been formed, as well as brass and string quartettes, which have often appeared as entertainment features. We have a band that does not take a back seat even for professionals, when it comes to playing the music the way it is written.

In fact, it has come to the point where a musical number is expected at every convocation to make it seem like a real one.

Not only has music been offered as a feature of recreation, but it has also been put to a practical use. A harmony class of some twenty or thirty members is now receiving instruction under Mr. Rice. Two operas have been successfully staged with local school talent, and the department is undertaking this semester the presentation of a light grand opera.

We sit aside and admire the results of the great development of music here in the past two years and yet we are apt not to look far enough to see to whom the credit for the progress falls due. If it had not been for the ceaseless efforts of two men here in the school, the department of music would still be in its experimental stages. Those men are Mr. Rice and Mr. Hargreaves.

We certainly are to be congratulated in securing Mr. Rice as an instructor and friend. There is no question but he is the best man we could have secured for the position. The best not alone for his understanding of the technique of music, but also for his understanding of the students all the way from Freshies to Seniors. Look for one who has known him as a companion in any line of work who will not heap praises on his head, and you will search the fruitless search of Diogenes. (Or of Mr. Rice after a drummer.) He has that spirit of free-heartedness that appeals so strongly to the high school student, and while his duties only require the instruction of classes, he has taken on himself the promotion of all the rest of the features, and his only request for reward has been the successful outcome of his attempts such as would be a credit to the North Central.

Mr. Hargreaves has supported him at every turn and certainly has done all in his power to make the system interesting and beneficial to the student body. And it is only right that mention of the sacrifices and services of these two faculty members should be here made in this first representation of Music in the Tamarack. We admire this spirit of generosity. We cannot but feel grateful. We shall have to take off our hats to them, and let's "give four" for Mr. Rice, "the father of music at the North Central."

The results of the opera try-out were as follows:

Principals

King Hal.....	David Kirk
Leonard (a Forester).....	Guy Sheehan
Phyllis	Carol Hocking
Ralph (Chief of the Outlaws).....	Frank Taylor
Bardolph (Innkeeper).....	Harry Lynde
Elizabeth (Bardolph's Wife).....	Irene Lindgren
Dorothy	Nathalie Tecklenberg
Robert (Constable of Windsor).....	Frank Spaulding
Dickon	Ray Foley

Chorus Parts

Soprano

Florence Wing	Alta Miller	Ruth Corwin
Lucille Claney	Zella Melcher	Marieta Hodges
Dorothy Hare	Bathaline Cowgill	Ruth Stephens
Inez Hale	Olive Thornton	Jean McMorran
Ruth Hollemback	Peggy Ross	

Alto

Ethel Noerenberg	Helen Tynan	Catherine Henry
Helene Hare	Julia Corner	Alice Bender
Jessie Nicholas	Ethel Taylor	Margaret Jenkins
Gertrude Nelson	Jessie Brewer	Irene Oliver

Tenor

Walter Davis	Llewelyn McEachran	Howard Olin
Sherman Grier	Ivan Corner	John Koontz
La Verne Peterson	Burdette Brewer	

Bass

Stuart Lower	Kenneth Hall	Gordon Cook
Ernest Hopkins	Merlyn Webber	Chas. Abraham
Andrew Coey		

Further admissions will appear in the next issue.

THE GLEE CLUB

The Glee Club held its election of officers last spring, and the following were chosen:

David Kirk	President
Guy Sheehan	Vice President
Ruth Hollemback	Secretary

The semi-annual try-out held to fill vacancies by graduation was held in the school auditorium on Monday, the twenty-first.

The following were chosen by vote of the club:

Soprano—

Nathalie Tecklenberg
Olive Thornton
Inez Hale

Alto—

Helen Tynan
Ethel Taylor

There were not a sufficient number of boys trying out to make a fair competition and a special try-out will be held later for the male parts. There was one land-slide, however. Frank Spaulding was unanimously elected to a tenor place, his singing being of first-class order.

Those trying out were required to sing a solo before the club members and were then elected by vote of latter.



SOCIETIES

DJS

THE MASQUE

On September sixteenth the Masque held its first meeting and elected the following officers:

Donald J. Stewart.....	President
Lena Wilson.....	Vice President
Winifred Bagley.....	Recording Secretary
Beatrice Yorke.....	Corresponding Secretary
Sam Grinsfelder	Treasurer
Stuart Lower.....	Reporter to Tamarack

Another important development at this meeting was the resignation of Miss Broomhall from the directorship of the club. She has been associated with the Masque ever since she began to teach in the North Central, and has always been most active in its affairs. The club will now have two directors, Miss Bigelow and Miss Ware. Miss Broomhall has taken over the directorship of the French Club.

On September thirtieth a social meeting was held at Hazel Reed's home, and an enjoyable evening was spent. The new members were initiated into the club, much to their discomfiture, and to the enjoyment of the older members. Such stunts as Ralph Neely diving into a pan of flour for a penny caused roars of laughter to come from the more fortunate lookers-on. As a fitting conclusion all new members drank from the Loving Cup, which had a mixture of pepper, vinegar, salt, and other such sweet ingredients within it.

DELTAS

Since the evening of the "Freshman Frolic," no doubt many of the Freshman class are wondering what the name "Delta" signifies, and what it pertains to. To set at rest all wondering minds and all possible incorrect information, let it be known that "Delta" is the name for one of North Central's "liveliest" clubs.

It is "live" because it always boosts for the North Central. It is "live" because it does big things—things that count. And what makes it "live" is that quality of life that abounds in each individual Delta. Every Delta has been picked for membership because of his ability to do things better or greater than his fellow-students.

With such fellows—leaders in athletics, debating, music, literature, and class activities,—in its membership, the club can not help but count for something, and the something it chooses to stand firm for is—Manhood. On three foundation stones,—Clean Speech, Clean Thoughts, and Clean Athletics—the stand is taken, and kept.

The Deltas held their first meeting on September twenty-second under a new group of officers, who were elected last June.

Stuart Lower.....	Senior Grand Master
Lloyd Folger.....	Junior Grand Master
Clifton Abrams.....	Chancellor of the Exchequer
Russell Hunter	Scribe
Bryan Leiser	Reporter

Mr. Goodwin, a prominent Spokane attorney, gave a talk that without a doubt will be remembered as a fine piece of good, straight-from-the-shoulder, common sense. Such talks are a feature of the Delta meetings. The same old glorious "feed" was had, with Mr. Brewer vainly trying to detect several extra pieces of pie mysteriously missing.

The second meeting was held Tuesday, September twenty-ninth. This evening was featured by the first of what promises to be a series of "bean-feeds," and from the amount consumed it looks as though beans are a favorite food of some of the North Side fellows.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

At the last meeting of the Mathematics Club of the spring semester the new officers for the fall term were elected, in order that the society might be ready to begin its work as soon as school opened. Those elected were:

Sam Grinsfelder	President
Ethyl Cadwell	Vice President
Lois Roper	Secretary
Harry Olmstead	Treasurer
Esther Muir	Reporter

Surely under these officers the club should be able to make an enviable name and record, and you may be sure that it will.

At the first meeting held this year committees were appointed to take charge of the programs and social affairs and prepare for the Algebra contest, which is to be held later in the semester.

Through graduation we lost several of our best members, but we still have plenty of good members who are ably filling the places of those who have recently left us. There are a few open places in the club now. If you would like to join the society hand your name to Miss Kaye or one of the members as soon as possible.

COMMERCIAL CLUB

Say, were you at the Commercial Club Party which Mr. Strieter gave last June to the members of the Commercial Club at his home, 2212 W. Gardner? Well, if you weren't, you certainly missed something worth remembering. Over fifty were present and the evening was spent with musical selections, games, and contests, in which Nellie Henry and Adolph Marks were the winners. They each received a large pennant. Later in the evening delicious refreshments were served.

And did you hear about the Picnic we had last June? With the "long hike" and delightful lunch at its close, chaperoned by Mr. Strieter and Miss Snyder, we enjoyed the day immensely. Toward the latter part of the afternoon any doubts one may have had of the histrionic ability of Snyder were entirely set aside by those who witnessed the thrilling "movie" rehearsal, which proved to be the feature of the day, although the ardor of the principals were slightly dampened (not altogether figuratively).

At the last meeting in June the following officers were elected:

Martha Wright	President
Chester Woodcock	Vice President
Maude Kelly	Secretary
Kenneth Hall	Treasurer
Mabel Jones	Reporter to Tamarack
Adolph Marks	Sergeant-at-Arms

On September twenty-sixth a short business meeting was held and the date for the regular meeting was decided upon as the alternate Wednesdays of each month at 2:45.

It is "live" because it always boosts for the North Central. It is "live" because it does big things—things that count. And what makes it "live" is that quality of life that abounds in each individual Delta. Every Delta has been picked for membership because of his ability to do things better or greater than his fellow-students.

With such fellows—leaders in athletics, debating, music, literature, and class activities,—in its membership, the club can not help but count for something, and the something it chooses to stand firm for is—Manhood. On three foundation stones,—Clean Speech, Clean Thoughts, and Clean Athletics—the stand is taken, and kept.

The Deltas held their first meeting on September twenty-second under a new group of officers, who were elected last June.

Stuart Lower.....	Senior Grand Master
Lloyd Folger.....	Junior Grand Master
Clifton Abrams.....	Chancellor of the Exchequer
Russell Hunter	Scribe
Bryan Leiser	Reporter

Mr. Goodwin, a prominent Spokane attorney, gave a talk that without a doubt will be remembered as a fine piece of good, straight-from-the-shoulder, common sense. Such talks are a feature of the Delta meetings. The same old glorious "feed" was had, with Mr. Brewer vainly trying to detect several extra pieces of pie mysteriously missing.

The second meeting was held Tuesday, September twenty-ninth. This evening was featured by the first of what promises to be a series of "bean-feeds," and from the amount consumed it looks as though beans are a favorite food of some of the North Side fellows.

MATHEMATICS CLUB

At the last meeting of the Mathematics Club of the spring semester the new officers for the fall term were elected, in order that the society might be ready to begin its work as soon as school opened. Those elected were:

Sam Grinsfelder	President
Ethyl Cadwell	Vice President
Lois Roper	Secretary
Harry Olmstead	Treasurer
Esther Muir	Reporter

Surely under these officers the club should be able to make an enviable name and record, and you may be sure that it will.

At the first meeting held this year committees were appointed to take charge of the programs and social affairs and prepare for the Algebra contest, which is to be held later in the semester.

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SANS SOUCI

Officers

Beth Chapman	President
Amanda Nash	Vice President
Calixte Cook	Secretary
Alta Cooney	Reporter to Tamarack

What is the Sans Souci? If you do not know, do not be ignorant any longer. It is the French society of the North Central High School. French in the pure sense of the word, for its members read, write, speak, and sing French. Miss Broomhall, our director, is planning interesting "French doings," so watch for our programs, they will be well worth your while. Now, since you know what the society is and what it does, you should be informed that all students who have completed French I are eligible to membership.

THE ENGINEERING SOCIETY

The Engineering Society has begun the new school year with a vim that promises great things for the coming term. This society is an organization of the boys of the Sophomore A and higher classes, who are interested in problems of engineering of both practical and scientific natures.

Our officers are:

Gordon Cook	President
Carl Stahlberg	Vice President
Harry Aumack	Secretary-Treasurer

The Arrangement Committee announces a fine series of proposed trips, such as: to the G. N. Shops, Diamond Ice Plant, the Woolen Mills, the Paper Mill, the Cement Plant, etc. The first trip through the new Davenport Hotel is planned for Friday, October 2, 1914.

There are a few vacancies owing to graduation. Anyone who is interested and desirous of becoming a member please see Gordon Cook.

VOX PUELLARUM

Last year a girls' debating club was organized and it grew and thrived just as all of our clubs do, when the North Central

enthusiasm is behind them. Indeed, this society was so successful that it was reorganized again this year under the name of "Vox Puellarum." Its membership is limited to thirty, vacancies to be filled by election.

The officers are:

Florence Woodward	President
Daisy Lopp	Vice President
Mildred Kershaw	Secretary
Olive Lepper	Treasurer

The club has decided to have pins. Gladys Williamson, Neva Martin, and Edith Wagner were appointed on the Pin Committee.

The object of the society is to promote Debating, Public Speaking, and Parliamentary Law among the girls of the North Central.

WENDELL PHILLIPS CLUB

The Wendell Phillips Club, as yet, has not had many exciting meetings, but many are being planned.

The officers for this semester are:

Martin D. Johnson	President
Gladys Williamson	Vice President
Julia Corner	Secretary
Morton Margolyes	Treasurer
Sam Grinsfelder	Reporter

The membership of this organization is incomplete and all those who are interested in the work of the society would do well to hand their name to Martin Johnson. The purpose of the club is to further the interest in debating and oratory.





SENIOR A

The Senior A Class held its first meeting September seventeenth, at which the following officers were elected:

Lloyd Folger	President
Lena Wilson	Vice President
Hazel Reed	Secretary
David Kirk	Treasurer
Ella Marie Martin.....	Reporter
Clare King	Sergeant-at-Arms
Carl Wallace	Yell Leader

Every member of the class was present and each determined to do his best for the class and the school. Mr. Sawtelle gave an interesting talk concerning the duties of each one to his studies.

The following committees have been appointed by the President and are busily at work:

Class History—Lena Wilson, Marjorie Adams, Clark Upton, Martin Johnson, and Ella Marie Martin.

Class Will—David Kirk, Carl Wallace, and Roy Johnson.

Class Play—Mildred Withers, Hazel Reed, and Clare King.

Tamarack—Donald Stewart, Helen Crockett, Herbert Pefley, Emma Libby, and Carl Chilman.

Announcements—Carl Stahlberg, Eesta Davidson, and Haven Lusian.

Class Pictures—Martin Johnson, Merritt Penrose, Denton Peacock, and Helene Hare.

Class Prophecy—Mary Endres, Raymond Bevier, Will Dwyer, Nellie Gray, Miriam Cooke, May Grant, and Leslie Cleary.

Social—Helene Hare, Elsie Wilburn, Lucile Tarbet, Lee Coonrad, Rex Anderson, Wyman Barker, Josephine Rhodes, Ludwig Ruehl, Lula Williams, Wave Angell, Mary Weber, Christine Hanner, Ruth Stone, and Harry Irwin.

Memorial—Loren Jackson, Claude Smith, Louise Nather, Genevieve Steele, Esther Kenward, Donald Foster, Amanda Smith, Ethel

Shaw, Daniel McKinney, Duke Armfield, Esther Johnson, and Marie Thunberg.

At the recent election Rex Anderson was elected to the Athletic Board. Our class is also well represented in the operetta which is to be given by the Music Department.

The class, though small, is powerful through its unity. Every member is diligent and enthusiastic in his work. Watch for great things.

SENIOR B

Stop! Look! Listen! This is not a danger signal, but a signal that the Senior B Class is advancing in all its pomp and glory. The class is not only one of the largest Senior B classes ever enrolled in the North Central High School, but it also possesses an extraordinary amount of talent.

Mathematics sharks are in our midst, singers of notorious ability, champion debaters, star athletes, and other talented ones worthy of great merit, but too numerous to mention.

The class has the maximum amount of school spirit and will manifest this in the next few months so as to leave a lasting impression upon the school.

The class officers are:

Sam Grinsfelder	President
Beth Chapman	Vice President
Esther Muir	Secretary
Stuart Lower	Treasurer
Harold Neely	Yell Leader
Florence Woodward	Tamarack Reporter

Also, with Mr. Ramsey as Class Director, we have much additional strength; so as a parting injunction, I would say, "Keep your eye on the Senior B Class."

JUNIOR A

The first meeting of the Junior A Class held this semester took place on September twenty-eighth, when the following officers were chosen:

Ward Walker	President
Merlyn Webber	Vice President
Maude Kelly	Secretary
Olive Lepper	Treasurer
Grace Turner	Reporter
Leslie Hamer	Yell Leader

The class at this time wishes to express its appreciation of the faithful and efficient services rendered by the retiring officers during the last term.

That each member of the class may have some memento to keep as a class remembrance in after years, it has been decided to secure some unique emblem which can be made up in the form of a ring or pin. A committee has been appointed to select such an emblem.

The class is well represented in all the activities of the school. Guy Sheehan will have the leading score in the operetta, and other members contribute their quota to the band, orchestra, football team, and other activities. There is also a promise of good times coming in a social way, and plans are in embryo for several social functions.

JUNIOR B

Fresh and enthusiastic after the summer vacation the "Class of June '16" assembled in room 218, September seventeenth, and under the guidance of our new Class Director, Miss Ida M. Wilson, elected the following officers:

Clifton Abrams	President
Beatrice Yorke	Vice President
Erma Bean	Secretary
Garrett Witbeck	Treasurer
Ray Prescott	Yell Leader
Claudius Murray	Sergeant-at-Arms
Kenneth Mower	Reporter

And say? What do you think of us as supporters of the North Central? Gerald Hoover, a Junior B, was winner of the singles in the Tennis Tournament. Reg Bullivant and Ed Quigley represent us on the Athletic Board; and as for football candidates, that's where we shine.

SOPHOMORE A

The Sophomore A Class has already shown itself to be a bright and wide-awake class. We have reasons to be proud of the way we have been represented in the school activities. As Freshmen we had members on the debating team, and among our members there were those who have taken a prominent part in the athletics

of the school. The first class meeting this year was held September thirtieth with about sixty present, and the officers elected were:

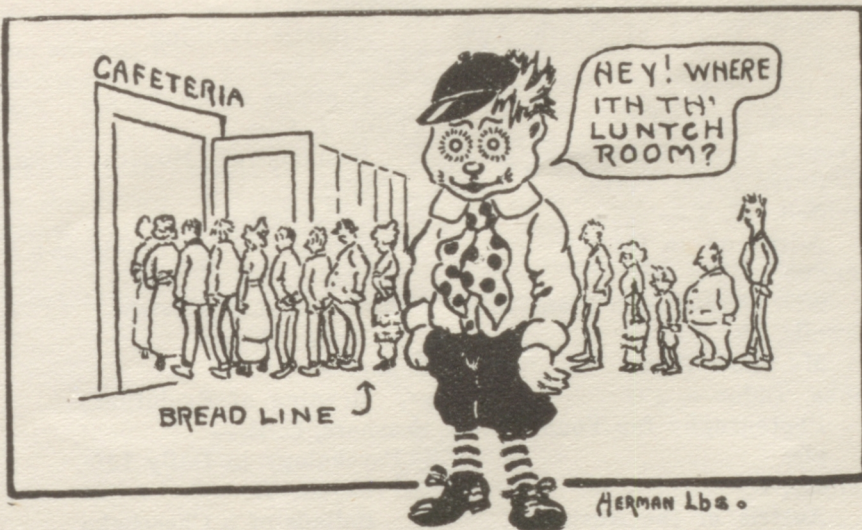
Robert Stone	President
Morton Baker	Vice President
Marguerite Anderson	Secretary
Merle Bailor	Treasurer
Chester Ellis	Reporter to Tamarack
Clinton Sohns	Yell Leader

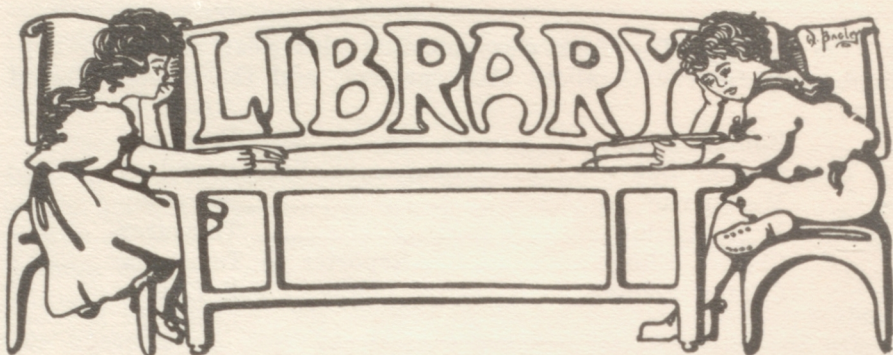
SOPHOMORE B

On September twenty-fourth the Sophomore B Class held its first meeting, at which the following officers were chosen:

Carrol Elliot	President
Mary Stewart	Vice President
Lucy James	Secretary
Ralph Reimers	Treasurer
Carlton Tannatt	Tamarack Reporter
George Murphy	Yell Leader
Archie Torkelson	Sergeant-at-Arms

As this was our first class meeting we did not make any plans for the future, but expect to arrange some interesting events for the coming season.





FOR THE UP TO DATE STUDENT

A FEW BOOKS RECENTLY PURCHASED
BY THE LIBRARY

- | | |
|--|--|
| Atkinson, W. W.—
Psychology of Salesmanship. | Laselle, M. A. & Wiley, K. E.—
Vocations for Girls. |
| Browne, F. F.—
Everyday Life of Abraham Lincoln. | Manning, H. P.—
Fourth Dimension Simply Explained. |
| Corbin, T. W.—
Engineering of Today. | Marble, T. L.—
How to Appreciate the Drama. |
| Curtiss, G. H. and Post, A.—
Curtiss Aviation Book. | Marden, O. S.—
Training for Efficiency. |
| Elson, A.—
Modern Composers of Europe. | Meadowcraft, W. H.—
Boy's Life of Edison. |
| Fitchett, W. H.—
New World of South Australia. | Murphy, M. C.—
Athletic Training. |
| Flandrau, C. M.—
Viva Mexico! | Parton, James—
Captains of Industry. |
| Gregory, I. A. (Lady)—
Seven Short Plays. | Philip, J. C.—
Romance of Modern Chemistry. |
| Grenfell, W. T.—
Adrift on an Ice-pan. | Reed, Herbert—
Football for Public and Player. |
| Harwood, W. S.—
New Creations in Plant Life. | Santos-Dumont, Alberto—
My Airships. |
| Howells, W. D.—
My Mark Twain. | Schmucker, S. C.—
Meaning of Evolution. |
| Jenks, Tudor—
Photography for Young People. | Seashore, C. E.—
Psychology in Daily Life. |
| Kellner, L.—
Austria of the Austrians. | Service, R. W.—
Ballads of a Cheechako. |

Seton, E. T.—	Tower, W. S.—
Wild Animals at Home.	Story of Oil.
Sisson, E. O.—	Underwood, J. J.—
Essentials of Character.	Alaska.
Smith, J. R.—	Weaver, E. W.—
Story of Iron and Steel.	Vocations for Girls.

GERMAN STUDENTS—NOTICE!

Miss Fehr, on her return from Europe this summer, brought with her a number of German books, which consist mostly of plays. These books, together with the portfolios, have been placed on the shelves for the use of students.

THE STUDENT LIBRARY BOARD

With the coming of the early autumn days North Central High School assembled. Simultaneous with this action the Student Library Board resumed its former duty of maintaining discipline in the library. Donald Stewart was elected to the position of president, Beth Chapman was re-elected to the office of secretary, and Sam Grinsfelder to the position of reporter. In addition to this, Florence De Rosa, Alta Cooney, and Garrett Whitbeck were elected, by their classes, to membership on the Board.

This Board was the first step in student government at the North Central. We hope that many other representative organizations of the student body will be formed in the near future, but these organizations will not be formed unless the Library Board proves a success. Let every student realize that he is a member of this Board through his class representatives, and in so doing each one should take it upon himself to live up to the few rules for discipline made by this Board. By this means, and this means only, will the Library Board and student government prove a success.

We take this opportunity to thank those who have acted as monitors and aided in the past and present success of this Board.





AMERICA FIRST

Mr. and Mrs. Lienau spent part of the summer visiting relations in Detroit, Michigan, and Sioux City, Iowa. Mr. Lienau reports an enjoyable trip over the Canadian Pacific road. En route they visited Arrowhead Lakes, the Selkirk Mountains, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pike's Peak, and Salt Lake.

NORTH CENTRAL IN THE WAR

When the European war broke out Miss Margaret Fehr, of the German Department, was in the middle of Germany enjoying a summer trip.

At the first signs of war she started for Zurich, Switzerland, and went from there to Paris. The journey from Zurich to Paris usually takes about ten hours, but it took Miss Fehr thirty-seven hours, on account of the transportation of troops. She remained in Paris four days before taking passage for America.

Miss Fehr lost her trunk on the way, and she was subjected to a number of other inconveniences; for example, she was forced to live two days on ten cents.

NORTH CENTRAL MUSICIANS

Ten students from the North Central provided the music for the Chamber of Commerce on Education Day.

The students played five numbers, which were well received. Those who took part were: Norman Williams, Lillian Baker and

Robert Green, violin; Bonnie Robinson, flute; William Robinson, clarinet; Gilbert Robinson, 'cello; Riley Davenny, cornet; and Arthur Torgerson, piano.

TREAT FOR SCHOOL BOARD

The members of the School Board, Principal H. M. Hart, Principal R. T. Hargreaves, Doctor Benefiel, and Secretary E. A. Thomas were entertained at luncheon by the girls of the Junior A cooking class on Friday, October second, Estelle Culliton and May Grant having charge.

CHANGES IN SHOP

During the vacation the manual training shop was equipped with new lathes and completely rearranged.

Four new Wells' motorhead lathes, each equipped with a one-half horse-power direct connected motor, have been installed. The saws and jointers have been moved out and pulleys have been hung from the ceiling in the basement and belts run through the floor. The benches have been arranged more conveniently about the machinery and a new floor has been put in the shop. The sander and grinder have been placed in the auxiliary shop and these, too, are attached by belts run through the floor to a series of shafting run by a motor suspended from the ceiling.

This new arrangement is far more satisfactory than the old, since it saves space by having the shafting below the floor and makes the machinery safer by the elimination of open belts.

DOCTOR ELLIOT VISITS HERE

Doctor Elliot, of the University of Wisconsin, made a visit of inspection to the North Central High School on September eleventh.

FRESHMAN CONVOCATION

A special convocation was called by Principal R. T. Hargreaves on Tuesday, September twenty-first to see if our auditorium was large enough to hold the 350 freshmen that have enrolled this semester. Miss Alice Bender, a member of the 9B class, entertained the student body with a vocal solo, "Shadows," and responded to their hearty encore with the popular solo, "I Love You, Truly."

Mr. C. Olin Rice, head of the music department, pleaded for a real drummer for the orchestra and a tenor for the boys' chorus. He suggested that some one strangle a tenor and drag him into Room 207 for future use.

On account of the congested condition of the building, Mr. Hargreaves ruled that the rear stairs should be used only for descending, and that the rule, "Keep to the right," should be observed in all the halls.

IN MEMORIAM

The death of Mr. J. Grier Long, President of the School Board, was the occasion of the memorial convocation on the afternoon of September twenty-eight. Mr. Long had served the schools of Spokane for four years in the capacity of a board member and the past two years he had acted as president of that body. During all this time he was efficient and self-sacrificing, and his services were invaluable to the schools of Spokane.

PRACTICAL CIVICS

Mr. T. O. Ramsey, head of the Department of History, spent his summer vacation as secretary of the Progressive headquarters for Spokane County, thus availing himself of an opportunity to broaden his knowledge of practical government. Some of his duties were to make a card catalogue of the prominent Progressives in each precinct of the city of Spokane, preparatory to the organization of the fall campaign after the primaries; to check over the committeemen of the 188 precincts of Spokane County, and see that all vacancies were filled, and to meet people at headquarters, answer their questions, and distribute Progressive literature to those who wanted it.

"I feel," said Mr. Ramsey, "that this has been a very broadening experience. I have met all the Progressive candidates for office in the course of my duties, and incidentally many of the candidates of other parties; I am less a partizan than I was when I took up the work, and I shall cast the most intelligent ballot this fall that I ever have."

Mr. Ramsey has long had the reputation of being an enthusiastic advocate of the study of practical civics, and the fact that 121 students have elected to take this subject with him this semester is strong evidence that the boys and girls of the North Central High School appreciate the opportunity offered them in this direction.

While returning from Dishman Saturday afternoon, September twenty-sixth, on a motorcycle, Joseph MacEachern, a student at the North Central, and Gordon Scott, a student at Lewis and Clark, were struck by an automobile and thrown from the machine.

Gordon Scott escaped with slight bruises, but his companion's foot was so badly torn that amputation was necessary. He was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where he was attended by Dr. Arthur Cunningham. He is doing well and will probably be able to resume his studies within 90 days.

NIGHT SCHOOL

Night school will be started in the Lewis and Clark High School for those who find it impossible to attend school in the day time.

Among the instructors there will be from the North Central High School Faculty: Miss Carrie Hitchcock, domestic science; Mr. C. J. Carpenter, manual training and mechanical drawing; Mr. W. W. Jones, mathematics, and Mr. E. J. Prickett, English.

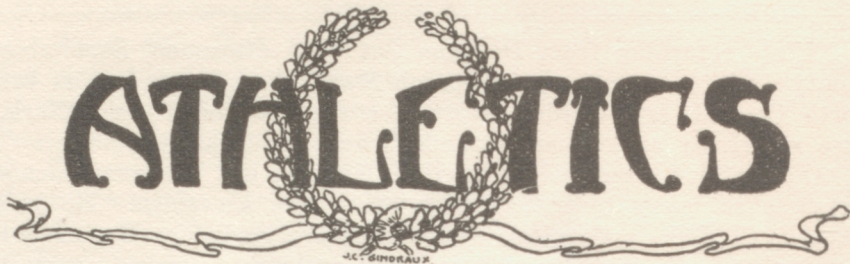
The Tamarack extends its sympathies to the bereaved family of Mrs. E. E. Wilburn, who passed away early Monday morning, September twenty-eighth, leaving a husband and three children, one of whom, Miss Elsie Wilburn, is a member of the Senior A class at the North Central High School.

Doctor A. H. Benefiel was elected president of the local Schoolmasters' Club at its semi-annual meeting on Tuesday evening, September eighth.

The girls were given a treat on Monday, September twenty-eighth, when they were assembled in the auditorium to listen to a talk by Miss Fannie Bickley, of the Physical Training Department. The subject was: "Health and Physical Culture," and her broad training and experience made her remarks highly valuable to the girls.



ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL

It looked as though athletics, especially football, received a "knock-out" blow when the School Board placed the ban on out-of-town games last December. But the fellows have come back with the true North Central spirit and the largest number of candidates in the history of the school have turned out for a place on the team.

Scores of them turn out every night and the fight for places is bringing new material into notice, who will make the old letter men hustle for their places.

With the spirit, determination, and bull-dog persistency that is characteristic of the North Central as a whole, the team this year is going to avenge their defeat of last season by a score that will make the "Elsies" across the river wish they knew something about football.

The following old letter men have reported for duty: "Curly" Skadan, Reg Bullivant, Dave McKenzie, Clyde Harris, "Walt" Russell, Claude Smith, and "Will" Anderson.

With Ed Quigley, "Moose" Witbeck, Don McPhee, Wallace White, Durst, Anderson, Murray, and Hunter added to these, together with a bunch of new material, ours will be the winning team on Thanksgiving.

Lost to us, stars invaluable: Don Briley, "Art" Jones, "Roy" Hanley, "Dick" Maurer, Harold Neely, and Jack Abrams.

Briley, although a "P. G.," is unable to be in the game, and North Central loses one of her best athletes, not only in football, but in baseball and track. Art Jones and Dick Maurer, as well as Hanley, will be remembered as three of N. C.'s best linemen.

Jack Abrams, like Briley, was an all-Northwest man, and he will be remembered as one of North Central's best all-around athletes. Jack was not only Captain of the football team in '12, but

was twice Captain of the basket-ball team and a stellar performer on the track as well as in baseball.

Harold Neely lately became of age and in him we lose a crack hurdler, football, and basket-ball man.

In place of the regular try-out for the places on the team Coach Moyer arranged a series of class games and in this way will pick out the "regulars." The classes met and elected the following for their Captains:

Seniors	Dave McKenzie
Juniors	Reg Bullivant
Sophomores	"Curly" Skadan
Freshmen	Jim McIsaacs

SENIORS "BEAT" SOPHOMORES

In the first of the series of interclass football games the Seniors defeated the Sophomores on Friday, October second, 9 to 0.

Claude Smith made the Senior's touchdown after a dodging run of over 13 yards. Harold Neely kicked the goal.

The Sophomores made a rally and held the Seniors for four downs on their 3-yard line, had taken the ball on downs only to have the Seniors pin their quarterback to the ground before he could pass the ball, scoring a safety.

Dave McKenzie and Wilfred Anderson, both last year's men, were the stars of the Senior team, while "Curly" Skadan and Clyde Harris played a star game for the Sophomores.

JUNIORS BEST

The Freshmen proved a surprise in the second game of the interclass series, holding the Juniors to only 6 points.

The only score of the game was made in the last minute of play, Bullivant, the halfback of the Junior team, pulling off a pretty pass to White, who crossed the line just as the whistle blew. The Juniors failed to kick goal.

In the second quarter the Juniors crossed the line only to be penalized for holding, and lost their chance to score that half.

McIsaacs played the star game for the Freshman team, pulling off a pretty 50-yard run after he had intercepted an attempted drop kick by Bullivant. McPhee and Paul Gray also played a star game for the losers, while Reg Bullivant, "Rus" White and "Moose" Witbeck played in veteran style for the Juniors.

THE GYM

The gym is the place where our athletes are first made, where under the eye of a competent trainer all that is best in a man is brought out and where all have a chance to show the best that is in them.

Our gym is one of the best to be found anywhere, and with two competent instructors as Miss Bickley and Mr. Woodward it can't be "beat."

Each year in beginning the fall work strength tests are made, and also in the following spring, to find out the increase in strength for the year. Out of over two hundred tests taken last year there were none but showed an increase.

The best increase in strength in the Freshman Class last year showing the value of physical training was made in the record of George Paul:

	Oct. 10	May 11
	1st	2nd
Weight	142 lbs.	144.2 lbs.
Lung Capacity	250 cu. in.	270 cu. in.
Strength, Forearm, Right	95	135
Strength, Forearm, Left	95	120
Strength, Back	310	380
Strength, Legs	390	500
Dips	0	8
Pull-Up	5	8
Total Strength	973.5	1379.22
TOTAL GAIN	405.72 points	

Through Mr. Woodward's system of training the following records were made possible:

Name	1st Points	2nd Points	Gain Points
George Paul	973	1379.22	406.22
Albert Murphy	778.25	1167.31	389.06
Dallas Rader	1079.95	1466.55	386.60
Victor Tubbs	925	1272.45	347.45

TENNIS

Since tennis has become a scholastic sport there is nothing that has been taken up by the student body with so much "pep" and enthusiasm. The game in itself is one that requires a quick

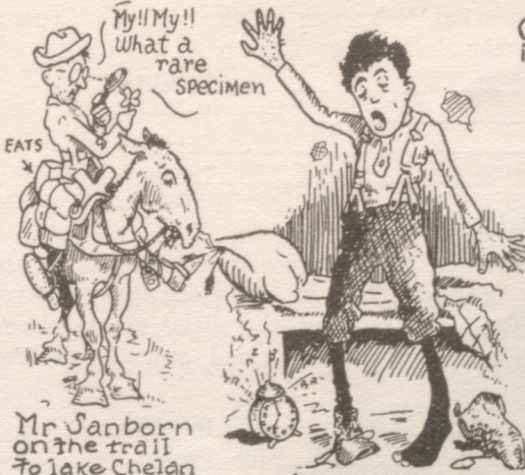
FACULTY, FRESHMEN AND OTHERWISE.



Lets take
psychology
Emil



Our school has increased
in numbers and hours.

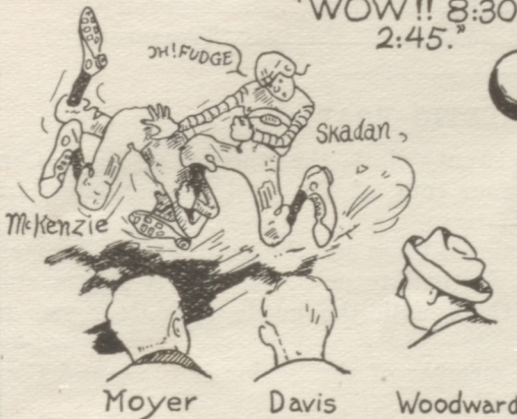


Mr Sanborn
on the trail
to lake Chelan

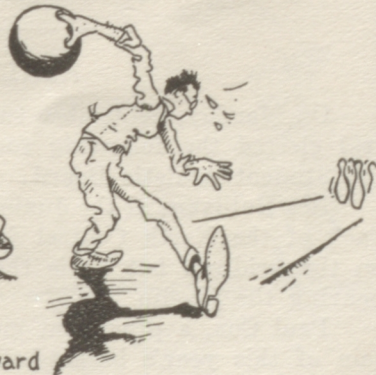
"WOW!! 8:30
2:45"



Mr. Rice finds surprises
in the Freshie tryout
for the Glee Club.



Eighty football suits have been given
out and wonderful results are expected.



This is how Prof Kreider
enjoyed his vacation

ED QUIGLEY.



ALUMNI

D.J.F.

Abbott, Evon—June '14
Abrams, Jack—Jan. '14
Alexander, John—June '14
Allen, Ethel—June '12
Allen, Florence—Jan. '14
Allen, Tom—June '14
Allensworth, Mae—June '13
Alverson, Glen—June '12
Aram, Vivian—June '13
Bahns, Herbert—June '14
Bailey, Gladys—Jan. '14
Baker, Violet—June '14
Baldwin, Lois—June '14
Barline, Helen—Jan. '14
Barline, Jerome—June '13
Banscotter, Pearl—June '13
Berry, Camille—June '12
Berggren, John—June '13
Bertenshaw, Elizabeth—June '12
Blais, Marie—June '13
Blanchard, Stanley—June '14
Bledsoe, Louise—June '13
Borell, Larvern—Jan. '14
Bowles, Gladys—June '14
Bracking, Gordon—June '14
Brandt, Milton—June '13
Brewer, Jessie—Jan. '14
Briley, Don—June '14
Brown, Claudine—June '12
Brown, Mary—June '12
Bristol, Maurice—Jan. '14
Britton, Hazel—Jan. '14
Bucher, Neva—June '12
Burmaster, Arnold—June '14
Burnett, Alice—June '12
Burnham, Helen—June '12
Burns, Olive—June '14
Burton, Grace—June '13
Butler, Marjorie—June '14
Cain, Harold—June '14
Campbell, Hugh—June '13
Carlson, Jessie—June '14
Carlson, Mabel—June '12
Caughey, Mary—June '12
Chamberlain, Martin—June '14
Chandler, Bessie—June '13
Charles, Ada—Jan. '14
Charles, Alfreda—Jan. '14
Chilberg, Agnes—June '14
Christian, Byron—June '14
Clark, Reba—Jan. '14
Clark, Villa—Jan. '13
Cleary, Etta—June '12
Coe, Clara—June '14
Cole, Lillian—June '13
Collin, George—June '13
Cook, Lolita—Jan. '13
Corcoran, Elizabeth—Jan. '13
Corner, Marie—June '14
Coutts, Alda—Jan. '13
Cowgill, Bathaline—June '14
Cowgill, Margaret—June '13
Crampton, Goldie—June '13
Craney, Oliver—June '14
Cremans, Christine—Jan. '14
Crippen, Inez—June '12
Culliton, Elaine—Jan. '13
Cunningham, Virginia—June '13
Cutler, Mary—June '14
Dahlstrom, Arthur—June '13
Danaldson, Lois—June '13
Darr, Lois—Jan. '14
Dave, Dorothy—June '13
Davenney, Arthur—Jan. '14
Davenney, Riley—June '14
Davenport, Bess—June '12
Davidson, Mabel—June '14
Davis, Josepa—Jan. '13
Davies, Murrel—Jan. '14
Dech, Elizabeth—June '13
Deibert, Alfred—Jan. '13
Derr, Elva—June '12
Dickson, Florence—June '12
Diehl, Linda—Jan. '13
Diehl, Mabel—Jan. '14
Dinsmore, Frankie—Jan. '14
Doak, Dora—Jan. '13
Doose, Marie—June '14
Doty, Ross—Jan. '13
Donovan, Emerson—June '13
Donovan, Harrison—Jan. '13
Doust, Walter—June '12
Dowling, Florence—June '14
Duffield, Margaret—June '12
Dunn, Grace—June '14
Dunn, Ima—June '14

- Dunn, Lawrence—June '13
Durham, Wayne—Jan. '13
Durkee, Ada—June '12
Dye, Ronald—June '13
Dye, Erna—June '12
Dygart, Laura—June '13
Eddy, William—Jan. '14
Eininger, Georgia—Jan. '14
Ellis, Floyd—Jan. '13
Ellis, Lester—June '14
Elvigion, Arthur—Jan. '14
English, Sylvester—June '13
Engstrom, Selma—Jan. '13
Evans, Ralph—Jan. '13
Evanston, Mae—June '12
Farquhar, Elizabeth—Jan. '14
Ferguson, Grace—June '14
Fisken, Ruth—June '12
Flanders, Chester—June '14
Foley, Florence—June '12
Foss, Jacob—June '12
Fox, Celiene—June '13
France, Mildred—June '13
Frans, Lyndal—June '14
Frans, Mae—Jan. '13
Frecland, Marie—June '14
Fuller, Francis—Jan. '12
Furst, Mabel—June '13
Gaillac, Forrest—June '12
Garland, Gladys—June '13
Gehrke, Ferris—Jan. '14
Gibbons, James—June '12
Gifford, Helen—June '12
Glaze, James—June '14
Goddard, John—June '13
Goetz, Helen—Jan. '13
Gorrill, Athol—Jan. '13
Gorrill, Jean—June '14
Green, May—June '14
Greider, Floyd—June '14
Gribble, Erna—June '14
Grinsfelder, Reine—June '12
Guernsey, Irene—June '14
Hall, Beatrice—June '14
Hall, Eugenia—June '13
Hall, Gertrude—Jan. '12
Hall, Gladys—June '12
Hallan, Amy—June '12
Halstead, Elaine—June '13
Hamilton, Donald—June '13
Hamilton, Harold—Jan. '14
Hancock, Grace—June '14
Hanley, LeRoy—June '14
Hansen, Hazel—June '13
Hare, Bernice—Jan. '13
Heden, Mabel—June '14
Herrington, Edna—Jan. '14
Herrington, Maud—Jan. '12
Hicks, Lutie—Jan. '14
Hill, Albert—June '14
Hill, Laura—June '13
Hills, Leon—June '12
Hill, Samuel—June '13
Hindley, Berta—Jan. '14
Hiser, Fay—Jan. '14
Hitt, Eugene—June '12
Hix, Ernest—June '13
Hocking, Ruth—Jan. '13
Holland, Sylvia—June '12
Holt, Kemp—June '13
Hoppe, Laura—June '14
Hottes, Leslie—June '14
House, Alvin—Jan. '14
House, Claude—June '12
Howe, Herman—Jan. '13
Howe, Walter—June '13
Huff, Virginia—June '14
Hunter, LeRoy—June '14
Hunter, Margaret—June '13
Hyanes, Lucile—June '13
Imhoff, Howard—June '13
Jacobsen, Margaret—June '12
Jagow, Clara—June '12
Janson, Gust—Jan. '13
Jeffery, Arthur—Jan. '12
Jerard, Basil—June '13
Jessen, Helen—June '14
Johnson, Ralph—June '14
Johnson, Walter—Jan. '14
Johnston, Leon—June '13
Jones, Arthur—Jan. '14
Jones, Bertha—Jan. '12
Jones, Julia—June '13
Jones, Mabel—Jan. '12
Kaempf, Charles—June '14
Kamrath, Lloyd—June '14
Karlsom, Hulda—June '13
Karow, Rosetta—June '14
Keele, Aden—June '14
Keener, David—June '14
Keller, Eunice—June '14
Kenyon, Glenna—Jan. '14
Kenyon, Harold—June '14
Kerkhoven, Cecilia—June '14
Ketcham, Gladys—June '13
Kienholz, Emma—June '12
King, Robert—June '14
Kimmel, Verne—June '14
Knapp, Helen—June '13
Knight, Gayton—June '13
Knudson, Effie—Jan. '13
Krogstad, Karl—June '13
Laber, Hattie—June '14
Lange, Verona—Jan. '12
Laurence, Claudia—Jan. '14
Leshr, Bertha—June '12
Levin, Louis—Jan. '14
Leydig, Harold—June '13
Lichty, John—June '14
Lindgren, Olaf—June '14
Lucas, Bernice—Jan. '12
Lucas, Kate—June '12

- Lyon, Prudence—June '14
 McColl, Nellie—June '13
 McConahey, Frances—June '14
 McConnell, Olive—June '14
 McDonald, Agnes—June '14
 McDonald, Clive—June '14
 McDermitt, Gertrude—June '12
 Macdonald, Edith—Jan. '12
 Macdonald, Vera—June '14
 Macdonald, Ernestine—Jan. '14
 Martin, Cora—June '14
 Matters, Willard—June '14
 Maurer, Richard—Jan. '14
 Maurer, Ruth—Jan. '12
 McElroy, Hugh—Jan. '14
 McHugh, John—June '14
 McKay, Nell—June '14
 McKeehen, Flossie—June '13
 McKenzie, Frances—Jan. '12
 Magee, Mary—June '13
 Martell, Josephine—June '14
 Martin, Harland—June '12
 Mendham, Jennie—June '12
 Merling, Ruth—June '12
 Merriek, Bentley—June '13
 Merrin, Harold—Jan. '13
 Merritt, Juanita—June '14
 Miller, Ella—Jan. '14
 Miller, Frances—Jan. '13
 Miller, Georgia—June '12
 Miller, Leila—June '12
 Millette, Genevieve—June '14
 Mitchell, Flora—June '14
 Montgomery, Grace—June '14
 Montgomery, Harold—June '14
 Moodhe, David—June '14
 Moran, Mildred—Jan. '12
 Morissey, Vivian—June '12
 Muir, Anna Mary—June '14
 Muir, Lillian—June '12
 Myers, Edgar—June '12
 Narvestad, Olga—June '14
 Nash, Margaret—June '13
 Nass, Ellen—Jan. '13
 Neely, Donald—Jan. '14
 Neill, Paul—June '12
 Nelson, Esther—Jan. '12
 Nicholas, Gracia—Jan. '13
 Noerenberg, Ralph—June '13
 Nourse, Helen—June '13
 Oerter, Cornelia—June '12
 Oliver, Agnes—June '12
 Oliver, Margaret—June '13
 Oman, Pearl—June '14
 O'Neill, Eva—June '13
 Orr, Edith—June '12
 Ostlund, Vina—June '14
 Owen, Robert—June '12
 Ownby, Grace—June '13
 Paine, Allan—June '13
 Palmer, Verne—Jan. '14
 Palmquist, Sheridan—June '14
 Parker, Douglas—Jan. '12
 Perry, Leta—June '12
 Peterson, Philip—June '14
 Peterson, Hazel—June '14
 Phillips, Clement—June '13
 Phillips, Elsie—June '12
 Philpott, Osgood—June '14
 Pierson, Leona—Jan. '14
 Pinkham, Mildred—Jan. '13
 Polson, Elsie—June '13
 Poe, Earl—June '13
 Potter, Howard—Jan. '14
 Powell, Walter—June '13
 Preston, Flora—June '12
 Pugh, Melvin—Jan. '14
 Rader, Don—June '13
 Ranberg, Sophia—June '12
 Raney, Edwin—June '13
 Reed, John—June '13
 Rhoads, Josephine—June '12
 Rhodes, Bessie—June '13
 Riblet, Virginia—June '14
 Robinson, Burnie—June '13
 Robinson, Ralph—June '12
 Roedel, Elmer—Jan. '13
 Rogers, Ruth—June '12
 Rohwer, Chris—June '12
 Rohwer, Fred—June '14
 Ross, Burchard—June '14
 Ross, Carl—June '14
 Ross, Kenneth—June '14
 Rowell, Leslie—June '13
 Rush, Thelma—June '14
 Ryan, Edith—June '13
 Sabiston, Malcolm—June '14
 Sandall, Fae—Jan. '13
 Sanderson, Leslie—Jan. '13
 Sapp, Ruth—Jan. '13
 Sampson, Clarence—Jan. '14
 Schelling, Rosa—June '13
 Scholer, Mildred—June '12
 Scroggin, Marie—June '12
 Seagrave, Louis—Jan. '12
 See, Vivian—June '14
 Selander, Edna—June '12
 Sencenbaugh, Helen—June '14
 Sether, Frank—June '14
 Settlemier, Flossie—Jan. '12
 Shaw, John—June '14
 Shears, Edward—Jan. '14
 Sherer, Thelma—Jan. '14
 Shoemaker, Curtis—Jan. '13
 Shuey, Walter—June '12
 Simon, Arthur—June '13
 Sirginson, Harry—June '14
 Sirginson, Irene—Jan. '14
 Smith, Cyril—June '14
 Smith, Edgar—Jan. '13
 Smith, Laura—Jan. '13
 Smith, Lee—June '13

Smith, Susanna—Jan. '14	Tuttle, Gerald—Jan. '13
Solomon, Iris—Jan. '13	Upton, Gertrude—Jan. '13
Southwood, Marion—June '12	Vaughn, Glen—June '13
Sprague, Edith—Jan. '14	Walker, Sallie—June '14
Steele, Robert—June '13	Wallace, Mae—Jan. '12
Steffler, Florence—Jan. '12	Warn, Otto—Jan. '14
Stevens, George—Jan. '14	Way, Harriet—June '14
Stewart, Howard—June '14	Whealdon, Fay—June '14
Stewart, Mabel—June '12	White, Bernice—June '14
Stiles, Maud—Jan. '12	White, Geneva—June '13
Stimson, Earl—June '14	White, Jennie—June '14
Stone, Elizabeth—Jan. '12	White, Margaret—June '13
Stout, Kathleen—Jan. '12	White, Vincent—June '12
Strong, Mildred—June '12	Wiedeman, Ethel—Jan. '13
Swanson, Agnes—June '13	Wiedeman, Florence—June '14
Swanson, Clara—June '13	Wiedeman, James—Jan. '14
Tanner, Minnie—June '12	Wiegman, Hertha—June '13
Tate, Robert—June '13	Wiegman, Bertha—June '13
Taylor, Ellen—June '14	Wiegman, Marguerite—June '14
Taylor, Florence—June '12	Wilburn, Florence—June '13
Teel, George—Jan. '13	Wilkinson, Ruperta—June '14
Teel, Mary—June '13	Williams, Clifford—June '13
Terry, Ethel—Jan. '13	Williams, Minnie—June '14
Tewinkle, Ruth—June '13	Williams, Inis—June '12
Thomas, Truma—Jan. '14	Wilson, Donald—June '13
Thunberg, Frank—Jan. '14	Wilson, William—June '13
Tollefson, Eugene—Jan. '14	Wimpy, Myrtle—June '14
Tollenaar, Glenn—June '12	Wise, Marion—June '12
Tong, Alice—June '13	Woodcock, George—June '13
Torrance, Jessie—June '12	Woodland, Mildred—June '14
Torrance, Kirby—June '12	Worthington, Lula—June '12
Traeger, LeRoy—Jan. '12	Wylde, May—June '14
Truesdell, John—June '12	Wylder, Erma—June '14
Turner, Marian—June '12	Yorke, Robert—June '14
Turner, Olive—June '12	Young, Bernice—June '14





JOKES

Heard in Eng. I:

Miss Bigelow—"What is an idea?"

Freshie—"Er—it's a piece of one's mind."

Vivian C.—"Do I have to put this blooming thing on the board?"

Mr. Prickett—"What did you say?"

V. C.—"I want to know if I must put this blooming thing on the board?"

Mr. Prickett—"Yes, and I hope it blossoms pretty soon."

Dan Briggs (10 ft.) wants to know if Mr. Rice will let him drop a foreign language and take up piccolo.



Ramsey in History VII—"David, what is a demigod?"

David Kirk—"Don't know, but it sounds pretty good."

Teacher—"How do you spell bed?"

Tommy—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Well, what do you sleep in at night?"

Tommy—"My pajamas."



Introducing Fall Styles For Young Men

Tartan plaids are "it" this Fall, not the striking many-hued plaids of the Scottish clans, but richly blended patterns that even the most conservative dresser will enjoy thoroughly.

Smart English models for young men are ready now.

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Overcoats in knee-length models, double and single breasted, belted and plain backs, plain velvet and shawl collars.

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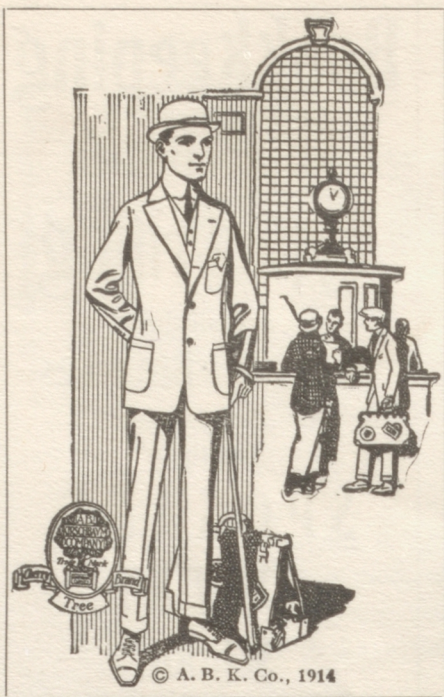
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Many men make a mistake in judging cloth. The "Feel" or appearance never prove a fabric to be 100 per cent pure woolen. It takes a chemical test which consumes the fabric if it is absolutely pure wool.

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Designs and estimates furnished.

Reference—Most anyone that has been in Spokane 12 years.

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Over Wentworth's

Psalm XXIII

The Ford is my auto, I shall not want another;

It maketh me to lie down beneath it; it soureth my soul;

It leads me into the path of ridicule for it's own sake.

Yea, though I ride through the valleys, I'm towed up the hills.

For I fear much evil; thy rods and thy engine discomfort me.

I anoint my tires with patches; my radiator runneth over;

I repair blowouts in the presence of mine enemies.

Surely if this thing follows me all the days of my life

I shall dwell in the bughouse forever.—Ex.

Miss Bigelow (Eng. V.)—"Brethren is the plural of brother; now what is the plural of sister?"

Bright Student—"Sisturn."



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Tommy (at 2 a. m.)—"Ma, are you scared of the dark?"

"No, but I don't like to walk around."

Tommy—"Pa, are you afraid?"

"No, son, I'm a big man."

Tommy—"Well, then, get me a drink if you're not afraid."

Pat was riding through the great west and becoming tired and hungry climbed off the train at a little town to get something to eat and drink. He remained too long in the restaurant, for when he emerged from the door the train was making it's way down the track. The Irishman cried like a madman after the outgoing train:

"Hould on! Hould on! Ye muther-in old stame-engine, ye've got a passenger on board that's left behoind!"



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72-inch Table Damask.....	85c
72-inch Table Damask.....	\$1.00
\$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.69, \$1.75 a yard.	
Table Napkins, doz..	\$1.48 to \$5.95

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"My daughter," and his voice was stern,

"You must set this matter right;
What time did that Senior leave
That sent his card last night?"

"His work was pressing, father, dear,
And his love for it was great;
So he took his leave and went away
Before a quarter of eight."

Then a twinkle came to her bright eyes,

And her dimples deeper grew,
" 'Tis surely no harm to tell him that,
For a quarter of eight is two."

Mary could never get vaccinated and baptize straight, so when her Sunday school teacher asked her if she had ever been baptized she answered, "Yes, twice, but it never took."



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JESSEPH**

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for

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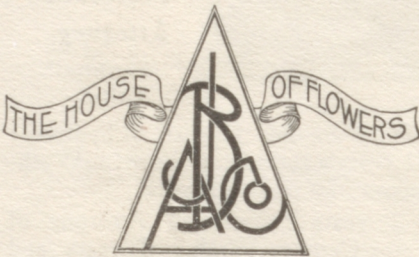
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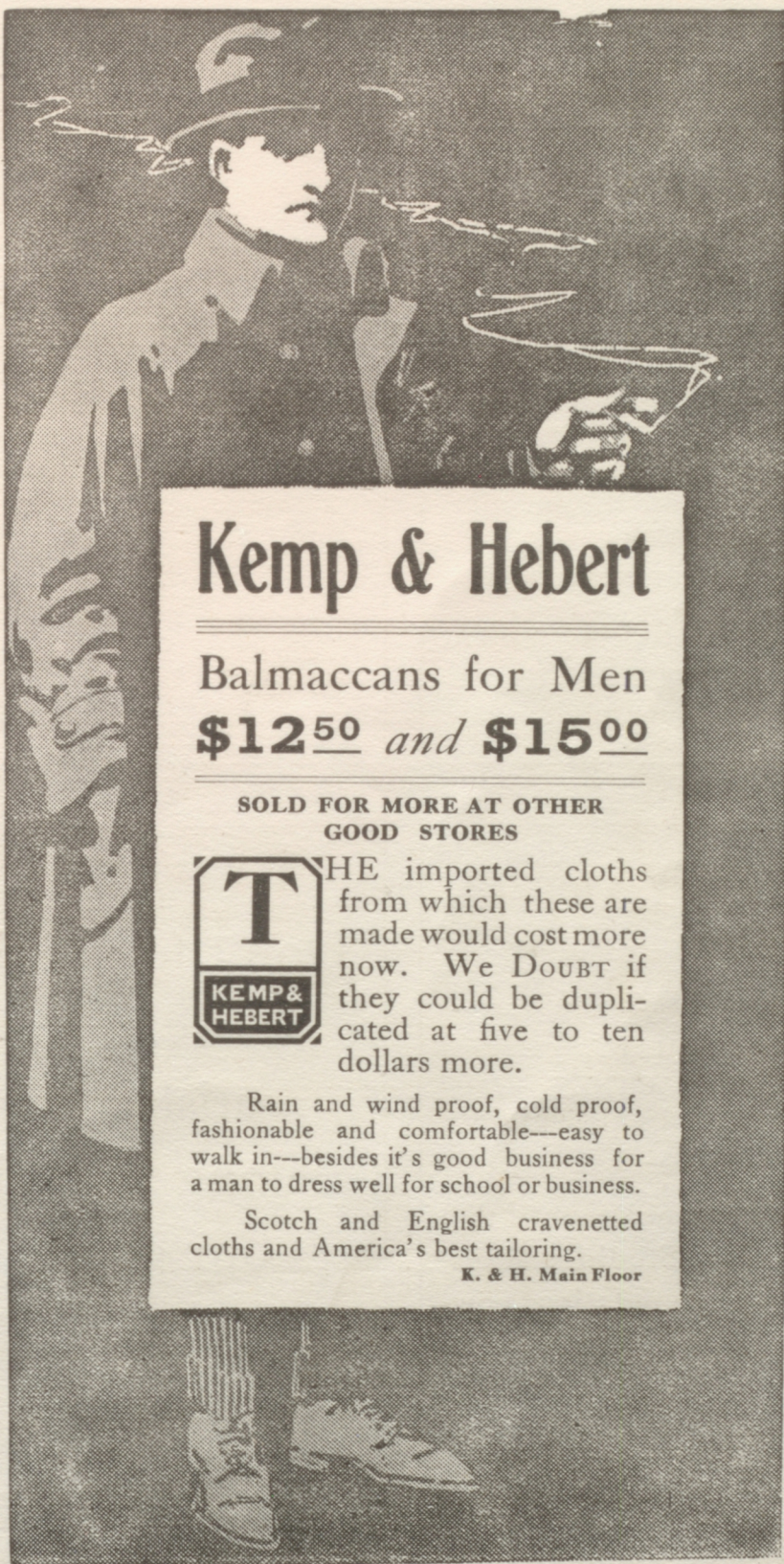
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A thing we've certainly missed this year,

A thing which students did not fear,

A thing which gave some students pain,

Is Miss Jones saying "The following will remain."

—
"Can February March?"

"No, but April May," was the reply.

"Look here, old man, you're out of June."

"Don't July about it."

"It's not often that one gets the better of your August personage."

"Ha! now you think you have me Noctober!"

And then there was work for the coroner.—Ex.

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—The Manager

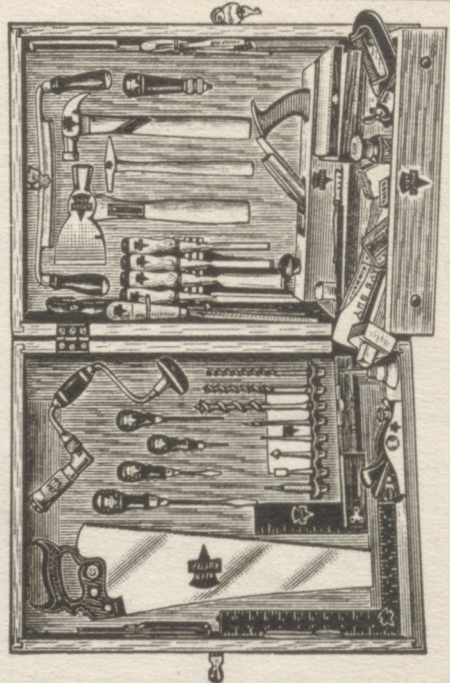
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